William Maurice
Oct. 1st 1881.
This book was printed
in 1781 so it is 100 years
old. Who will own it in
1981? I don't know.

A

TALE OF A TUB.

WRITTEN FOR THE

UNIVERSAL IMPROVEMENT

OF

MANKIND.

BRITISH MUSEUM
II
33
AUG

A

TALE OF A TUB.

Written for the

UNIVERSAL IMPROVEMENT

OF

MANKIND.

Diù multumque deſideratum.

To which is added,

An Account of a Battle between the Ancient and Modern Books in *St. James's* Library.

aſyma cacabaſa eanaa, irraumiſta diarbada caëota baſobor camelanthi. *Iren. Lib.* 1. *C.* 18.

—— *Juvatque novos decerpere flores,*
Inſignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde priùs nulli velarunt tempora Muſæ. Lucret.

With the Author's Apology;

and Explanatory Notes, by *W. Wotton*, B. D. and others.

PARIS:

Printed by DIDOT ſenior.

Sold by { PISSOT, / BARROIS junior, } Bookſellers,

Quai des Auguſtins.

MDCCLXXXI.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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APOLOGY.

IF good and ill nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have ſaved myſelf the trouble of this apology; for it is manifeſt by the reception the following diſcourſe hath met with, that thoſe, who approve it, are a great majority among the men of taſte: yet there have been two or three treatiſes written expreſly againſt it, beſides many others that have flirted at it occaſionally, without one ſyllable having been ever published in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I can remember, except by the polite author of a late diſcourſe between a Deiſt and a Socinian.

THEREFORE, ſince the book ſeems calculated to live at leaſt as long as our language, and our taſte admit no great alterations, I am content to convey ſome apology along with it.

THE greateſt part of that book was finished about thirteen years ſince 1696, which is eight years before it was published. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head. By the aſſiſtance of ſome thinking, and much converſation, he had endeavoured to ſtrip himſelf of

as many real prejudices as he could; I ſay real ones, becauſe, under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous heights ſome men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and groſs corruptions in religion and learning might furniſh matter for a ſatyr, that would be uſeful and diverting. He reſolved to proceed in a manner that ſhould be altogether new, the world having been already too long nauſeated with endleſs repetitions upon every ſubject. The abuſes in religion he propoſed to ſet forth in the allegory of the coats, and the three brothers, which was to make up the body of the diſcourſe: thoſe in learning he choſe to introduce by way of digreſſions. He was then a young gentleman much in the world, and wrote to the taſte of thoſe who were like himſelf; therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not ſuit with maturer years, or graver characters, and which he could have eaſily corrected with a very few blots, had he been maſter of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

NOT that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the ſour, the envious, the ſtupid, and the taſteleſs, which he mentions with diſdain. He acknowledges there are ſeveral youthful ſallies, which from the grave and the wiſe may deſerve a rebuke, but he deſires to be anſwerable no farther than

he is guilty, and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of thoſe, who have neither candour to ſuppoſe good meanings, nor palate to diſtinguish true ones. After which, he will forfeit his life, if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

WHY should any clergyman of our church be angry to ſee the follies of fanaticiſm and ſuperſtition expoſed, though in the moſt ridiculous manner; ſince that is, perhaps, the moſt probable way to cure them, or, at leaſt, to hinder them from farther ſpreading? Beſides, though it was not intended for their peruſal, it rallies nothing but what they preach againſt. It contains nothing to provoke them by the leaſt ſcurrility upon their perſons or their functions. It celebrates the church of England as the moſt perfect of all others in diſcipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's reſentments lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion, they might have found more proper objects to employ them on: *nondum tibi defuit hoſtis;* I mean thoſe heavy, illiterate ſcribblers, proſtitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes; who, to the ſhame of good ſenſe as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the ſtrength of bold, falſe, impious

aſſertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the prieſthood, and openly intended againſt all religion; in ſhort, full of ſuch principles as are kindly received, becauſe they are levelled to remove thoſe terrors, that religion tells men will be the conſequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this diſcourſe, though ſome of them are pleaſed ſo freely to cenſure it. And I wish there were no other inſtance of what I have too frequently obſerved, that many of that reverend body are not always very nice in diſtinguishing between their enemies and their friends.

HAD the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from ſome, whom out of reſpect he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by ſome of thoſe authors above deſcribed, whoſe errors, ignorance, dulneſs, and villany he thinks he could have detected and expoſed in ſuch a manner, that the perſons, who are moſt conceived to be infected by them, would ſoon lay them aſide and be aſhamed: but he has now given over thoſe thoughts; ſince the weightieſt men (*a*) in the weightieſt ſtations are pleaſed to think it a more dangerous point to laugh at thoſe corruptions in religion, which they themſelves

(*a*) Alluding to Dr. Sharp the archbiſhop of York's repreſentation of the author.

muſt diſapprove, than to endeavour pulling up thoſe very foundations wherein all chriſtians have agreed.

HE thinks it no fair proceeding, that any perſon ſhould offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this diſcourſe, who hath all along concealed himſelf from moſt of his neareſt friends: yet ſeveral have gone a farther ſtep, and pronounced another book (*a*) to have been the work of the ſame hand with this: which the author directly affirms to be a thorough miſtake; he having yet never ſo much as read that diſcourſe: a plain inſtance how little truth there often is in general ſurmiſes, or in conjectures drawn from a ſimilitude of ſtyle, or way of thinking.

HAD the author written a book to expoſe the abuſes in law, or in phyſick, he believes the learned profeſſors in either faculty would have been ſo far from reſenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains, eſpecially if he had made an honourable reſervation for the true practice of either ſcience: but religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed; and they tell us truth: yet ſurely the corruptions in it may; for we are taught by the triteſt maxim in the world, that religion being

(*a*) Letter of enthuſiaſm, ſuppoſed to have been written by Col. Hunter: ſee Swift's letter to him.

the beſt of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worſt.

THERE is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have obſerved, that ſome of thoſe paſſages in this diſcourſe, which appear moſt liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author perſonates the ſtyle and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expoſe. I ſhall produce one inſtance; it is in the 73d page. Dryden, L'Eſtrange, and ſome others I ſhall not name, are here levelled at, who having ſpent their lives in faction, and apoſtacies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be ſufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us in one of his prefaces of his merits and ſufferings, thanks God that he poſſeſſes his ſoul in patience; in other places, he talks at the ſame rate; and L'Eſtrange often uſes the like ſtyle; and, I believe, the reader may find more perſons to give that paſſage an application: but this is enough to direct thoſe who may have overlooked the author's intention.

THERE are three or four other paſſages, which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn by great force to hint at ill meanings; as if they glanced at ſome tenets in religion. In anſwer to all which, the author ſolemnly proteſts he is entirely innocent; and never had it once in his thoughts, that any thing he ſaid would in the leaſt be capable of ſuch interpre-

tations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the moſt innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his ſcheme or deſign, the abuſes he notes being ſuch as all Church-of-England men agree in; nor was it proper for his ſubject to meddle with other points, than ſuch as have been perpetually controverted ſince the reformation.

To inſtance only in that paſſage about the three wooden machines mentioned in the introduction: in the original manuſcript there was a deſcription of a fourth, which thoſe, who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having ſomething in it of ſatyr, that I ſuppoſe they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number three, from whence ſome have endeavoured to ſqueeze out a dangerous meaning; that was never thought on. And indeed the conceit was half ſpoiled by changing the numbers; that of four being much more cabaliſtick, and therefore better expoſing the pretended virtue of numbers, a ſuperſtition there intended to be ridiculed.

ANOTHER thing to be obſerved is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book, which the men of taſte will obſerve and diſtinguish, and which will render ſome objections, that have been made, very weak and inſignificant.

THIS apology being chiefly intended for the ſatisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unneceſſary to take any notice of ſuch treatiſes as have been written againſt the enſuing diſcourſe, which are already ſunk into waſte paper and oblivion, after the uſual fate of common anſwerers to books, which are allowed to have any merit: they are indeed like annuals, that grow about a young tree, and ſeem to vie with it for a ſummer, but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of any more. When Dr. Eachard writ his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of thoſe anſwerers immediately ſtarted up, whoſe memory if he had not kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown that he were ever anſwered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expoſe a foolish piece; ſo we ſtill read Marvel's anſwer to Parker (*a*) with pleaſure, though the book it anſwers be ſunk long ago; ſo the earl of Orrery's remarks will be read with delight, when the diſſertation he expoſes will neither be ſought nor found (*b*):

(*a*) Parker, afterwards bishop of Oxford, wrote many treatiſes againſt the diſſenters, with inſolence and contempt, ſays Burnet, that enraged them beyond meaſure; for which he was chaſtiſed by Andrew Marvel, under ſecretary to Milton, in a little book called the Rehearſal tranſpoſed.

(*b*) Boyle's remarks upon Bentley's diſſertation on the epiſtles of Phalaris.

but theſe are no enterprizes for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of loſing their time in ſuch an undertaking, if they did but conſider, that to anſwer a book effectually, requires more pains and skill, more wit, learning, and judgment, than were employed in the writing it. And the author aſſures thoſe gentlemen, who have given themſelves that trouble with him, that his diſcourſe is the product of the ſtudy, the obſervation, and the invention of ſeveral years; that he often blotted out much more than he left, and, if his papers had not been a long time out of his poſſeſſion, they muſt have ſtill undergone more ſevere corrections: and do they think ſuch a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however envenomed the mouths may be that diſcharge them? He hath ſeen the productions but of two anſwerers, one of which at firſt appeared as from an unknown hand, but ſince avowed by a perſon (*a*), who upon ſome occaſions hath diſcovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occaſion ſhould put him under a neceſſity of being ſo haſty in his productions, which otherwiſe might often be entertaining. But there were

(*a*) Suppoſed to be Doctor William King, the civilian, author of an account of Denmark, a diſſertation on ſamplars, and other pieces of burleſque on the Royal Society, and the art of cookery in imitation of Horace's art of poetry, &c.

other reaſons obvious enough for his miſcarriage in this; he writ againſt the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongeſt attempts in nature, to turn into ridicule by a week's labour a work, which had coſt ſo much time, and met with ſo much ſucceſs in ridiculing others: the manner how he handled his ſubject I have now forgot, having juſt looked it over, when it firſt came out, as others did, merely for the ſake of the (*a*) title.

THE other anſwer is from a perſon of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and half annotation (*b*); in the latter of which he hath generally ſucceeded well enough. And the project at that time was not amiſs to draw in readers to his pamphlet, ſeveral having appeared deſirous, that there might be ſome explication of the more difficult paſſages. Neither can he be altogether

(*a*) This we cannot recover at preſent, it being ſo abſolutely forgotten, the oldeſt bookſellers in trade remember nothing of it.

(*b*) Wotton's defence of his reflections upon ancient and modern learning: from the annotation are ſelected the notes ſigned W. Wotton; thus Wotton appears buſied to illuſtrate a work, which he laboured to condemn, and adds force to a ſatyr pointed againſt himſelf: as captives were bound to the chariot wheel of the victor, and compelled to increaſe the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat.

blamed for offering at the invective part, becauſe it is agreed on all hands, that the author had given him ſufficient provocation. The great objection is againſt his manner of treating it, very unſuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this anſwerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen againſt a certain great man then alive, and univerſally reverenced for every good quality that could poſſibly enter into the compoſition of the moſt accomplished perſon; it was obſerved how he was pleaſed, and affected to have that noble writer called his adverſary; and it was a point of ſatyr well directed; for I have been told, ſir William Temple was ſufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeneſs were immediately up in arms through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt by the conſequences they apprehended from ſuch an example; and it grew Porſenna's caſe; *idem trecenti juravimus.* In short, things were ripe for a general inſurrection, till my lord Orrery had a little laid the ſpirit, and ſettled the ferment. But, his lordship being principally engaged with another antagoniſt (*a*), it was thought neceſſary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this oppoſer should receive a reprimand, which partly occaſioned that diſcourſe of the battle of the books, and the author was far-

(*a*) Bentley, concerning Phalaris and Æſop.

ther at the pains to inſert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

THIS anſwerer has been pleaſed to find fault with about a dozen paſſages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, farther than by aſſuring the reader, that, for the greater part, the reflecter is entirely miſtaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will (he is ſure) into that of any reader of taſte and candour; he allows two or three at moſt, there produced, to have been delivered unwarily; for which he deſires to plead the excuſe offered already, of his youth, and frankneſs of ſpeech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

BUT this anſwerer inſiſts, and ſays, what he chiefly diſlikes, is the deſign; what that was, I have already told, and I believe there is not a perſon in England who can underſtand that book, that ever imagined it to have been any thing elſe, but to expoſe the abuſes and corruptions in learning and religion.

BUT it would be good to know what deſign this reflecter was ſerving, when he concludes his pamphlet with a caution to the reader, to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own: ſurely this muſt have had ſome allay of perſonal animoſity, at leaſt, mixt with the deſign of ſerving the publick by ſo

uſeful a diſcovery; and it indeed touches the author in a tender point; who inſiſts upon it, that through the whole book he has not borrowed one ſingle hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticiſms, that would never have been one. He conceived, it was never diſputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this anſwerer produces three inſtances to prove this author's wit is not his own in many places. The firſt is, that the names of Peter, Martin, and Jack, are borrowed from a letter of the late (*a*) duke of Buckingham. Whatever wit is contained in thoſe three names, the author is content to give it up, and deſires his readers will ſubtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the ſame time proteſting ſolemny, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this paſſage of the anſwerer: ſo that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they ſhould happen to be the ſame; which however is odd enough, and what he hardly believes; that of Jack being not quite ſo obvious as the other two. The ſecond inſtance, to ſhew the author's wit is not his own, is Peter's Banter (as he calls it in his Alſatia phraſe) upon tranſubſtantiation, which is taken from the ſame duke's conference with an Irish prieſt, where a cork is turned into a horſe. This the author

(*a*) Villers.

confeſſes to have ſeen about ten years after his book was written, and a year or two after it was published. Nay, the anſwerer overthrows this himſelf; for he allows the tale was written in 1697; and, I think, that pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was neceſſary that corruption ſhould have ſome allegory as well as the reſt; and the author invented the propereſt he could, without enquiring what other people had written; and the commoneſt reader will find, there is not the leaſt reſemblance between the two ſtories. The third inſtance is in theſe words; I have been aſſured, that the battle in S. James's library is, *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a French book, entitled, Combat des livres, if I miſremember not. In which paſſage there are two clauſes obſervable: I have been aſſured; and, if I miſremember not. I deſire firſt to know whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falſhood, thoſe two clauſes will be a ſufficient excuſe for this worthy critick. The matter is a trifle; but, would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer than the character of a plagiary; which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a paſſage, but a whole diſcourſe, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this as the anſwerer, and will imitate him by an affirmation at random, that, if

there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a paultry, imitating pedant, and the anſwerer is a perſon of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldneſs, from never having ſeen any ſuch treatiſe in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is ſure it is impoſſible for two writers, of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after ſuch a manner, that two continued diſcourſes ſhall be the ſame, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he inſiſt upon the miſtake in the title; but let the anſwerer and his friend produce any book they pleaſe, he defies them to ſhew one ſingle particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the ſmalleſt hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a ſingle thought, which he knows may ſometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that diſcourſe, nor has heard it objected by any body elſe.

So that if ever any deſign was unfortunately executed, it muſt be that of this anſwerer; who, when he would have it obſerved, that the author's wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three inſtances, two of them mere trifles, and all three manifeſtly falſe. If this be the way theſe gentlemen deal with the world in thoſe criticiſms, where we have not leiſure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious how they rely upon

their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let thoſe, who think it worth their while, determine.

IT is agreed, this anſwerer would have ſucceeded much better, if he had ſtuck wholly to his buſineſs, as a commentator upon the Tale of a Tub, wherein it cannot be denied that he hath been of ſome ſervice to the publick, and hath given very fair conjectures towards clearing up ſome difficult paſſages; but it is the frequent error of thoſe men (otherwiſe very commendable for their labours) to make excurſions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them, nor give them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius or Farnaby (*b*) would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been ſerviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abſtruſer parts of that diſcourſe; but *optat ephippia bos piger:* the dull, unwieldy, ill-ſhaped ox would needs put on the furniture of a horſe, not conſidering he was born to labour, to plow the ground for the ſake of

(*a*) Low commentators, who wrote notes upon claſſic authors for the uſe of ſchool-boys.

ſuperior beings, and that he has neither the shape, mettle, nor ſpeed of that noble animal he would affect to perſonate.

IT is another pattern of this anſwerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the ſuſpicion upon ſomebody, I know not who, in the country; to which can only be returned, that he is abſolutely miſtaken in all his conjectures; and ſurely conjectures are, at beſt, too light a pretence to allow a man to aſſign a name in publick. He condemns a book, and conſequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant, yet at the ſame time fixes, in print, what he thinks a diſadvantageous character upon thoſe who never deſerved it. A man, who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge to go to cuffs in broad day with the firſt he meets, and lay the laſt night's injury at his door. And thus much for this diſcreet, candid, pious, and ingenious anſwerer.

HOW the author came to be without his papers, is a ſtory not proper to be told, and of very little uſe, being a private fact, of which the reader would believe as little, or as much, as he thought good. He had however a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over with many al-

terations, and this the publishers were well aware of, having put it into the bookſeller's preface, that they apprehended a ſurreptitious copy, which was to be altered, &c. this though not regarded by readers, was a real truth, only the ſurreptitious copy was rather that which was printed; and they made all the haſte they could, which indeed was needleſs, the author not being at all prepared: but he has been told the bookſeller was in much pain, having a good ſum of money for the copy.

IN the author's original copy there were not ſo many chaſms as appear in the book; and why ſome of them were left, he knows not: had the publication been truſted to him, he would have made ſeveral corrections of paſſages, againſt which nothing hath been ever objected. He would likewiſe have altered a few of thoſe, that ſeem with any reaſon to be excepted againſt; but, to deal freely, the greateſt number he ſhould have left untouched, as never ſuſpecting it poſſible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

THE author obſerves, at the end of the book there is a diſcourſe, called a fragment, which he more wondered to ſee in print than all the reſt; having been a moſt imperfect ſketch, with the addition of a few looſe hints,

which he once lent a gentleman, who had deſigned a diſcourſe on ſomewhat the ſame ſubject; he never thought of it afterwards; and it was a ſufficient ſurprize to ſee it pieced up together, wholly out of the method and ſcheme he had intended, for it was the ground-work of a much larger diſcourſe; and he was ſorry to obſerve the materials ſo foolishly employed.

THERE is one farther objection made by thoſe who have anſwered this book, as well as by ſome others, that Peter is frequently made to repeat oaths and curſes. Every reader obſerves, it was neceſſary to know that Peter did ſwear and curſe. The oaths are not printed out, but only ſuppoſed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a prophane or immodeſt ſpeech. A man may laugh at the popiſh folly of curſing people to hell, and imagine them ſwearing, without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of theſe the author cannot be accuſed. For the judicious reader will find, that the ſevereſt ſtrokes of ſatyr in bis book, are levelled againſt the modern cuſtom of employing wit upon thoſe topicks, of which there is a remarkable inſtance in the 151d and 152th pages, as well as in ſeveral others, though perhaps once or twice expreſſed in too free a manner, excuſable only

for the reaſons already alledged. Some overtures have been made by a third hand to the bookſeller for the author's altering thoſe paſſages which he thouhgt might require it: but it ſeems the bookſeller will not hear of any ſuch thing, being apprehenſive it might ſpoil the ſale of the book.

THE author cannot conclude this apology without making this one reflection; that, as wit is the nobleſt and moſt uſeful gift of human nature, ſo humour is the moſt agreeable; and where theſe two enter far into the compoſition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of thoſe who have no ſhare or taſte of either, but by their pride, pedantry, and ill manners, lay themſelves bare to the laſhes of both, think the blow is weak, becauſe they are inſenſible; and where wit hath any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it banter, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was firſt borrowed from the bullies in White-Friers, then fell among the footmen, and at laſt retired to the pedants, by whom it is applied as properly to the productions of wit, as if I ſhould apply it to ſir Iſaac Newton's mathematicks: but if this bantering, as they call it, be ſo deſpiſeable a thing, whence comes it to paſs they have ſuch a perpetual itch towards it themſelves? to inſtance only in the anſwerer already men-

tioned: it is grievous to ſee him in ſome of his writings at every turn going out of his way to be waggiſh, to tell us of a cow that pricked up her tail; and, in his anſwer to this diſcourſe he ſays, it is all a farce and a ladle; with other paſſages equally ſhining. One may ſay of theſe *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a ſhame; and they cannot take wiſer counſel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at leaſt not to come till they are ſure they are called.

TO CONCLUDE; with thoſe allowances above required this book ſhould be read: after which, the author conceives, few things will remain, which may not be excuſed in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taſte; and he thinks he is not miſtaken in his accounts, when he ſays they have been all of his ſide, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name, wherein the world, with all its wiſe conjectures, is yet very much in the dark; which circumſtance is no diſagreeable amuſement either to the publick or himſelf.

THE author is informed, that the bookſeller has prevailed on ſeveral gentlemen to write ſome explanatory notes; for the goodneſs of which he is not to anſwer, having never ſeen any of them, nor intending it

till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings, which never entered into his imagination.

June 3, 1709.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the writing of this, which was about a year ago, a proſtitute bookſeller hath published a foolish paper, under the name of Notes on the Tale of a Tub, with ſome account of the author; and with an inſolence, which I ſuppoſe is punishable by law, hath preſumed to aſſign certain names. It will be enough for the author to aſſure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author farther aſſerts, that the whole work is entirely of one hand, which every reader of judgment will eaſily diſcover: the gentleman, who gave the copy to the bookſeller, being a friend of the author, and uſing no other liberties, beſides that of expunging certain paſſages, where now the chaſms appear under the name of deſiderata. But, if any perſon will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him ſtep forth and tell his name and titles; upon which, the bookeller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforwards be acknowledged the undiſputed author.

TREATISES written by the ſame author, moſt of them mentioned in the following diſcourſes; which will be ſpeedily published.

A CHARACTER of the preſent ſet of wits in this iſland.

A panegyrical eſſay upon the number THREE.

A diſſertation upon the principal productions of Grub-Street.

Lectures upon a diſſection of human nature.

A panegyrick upon the world.

An analytical diſcourſe upon zeal, hiſtori-theo-phyſi-logically conſidered.

A general hiſtory of ears.

A modeſt defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages.

A deſcription of the kingdom of abſurdities.

A voyage into England, by a perſon of quality in *terra auſtralis incognita*, tranſlated from the original.

A critical eſſay upon the art of canting, philoſophically, phyſically and muſically conſidered.

TO

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN

LORD SOMMERS.

MY LORD,

ALTHOUGH the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addreſs'd to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a perſon beſides, as far as I can obſerve, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our preſent writers; and being wholly free from that ſlavery, which bookſellers uſually lie under, to the caprices of authors; I think it a wiſe piece of preſumption to inſcribe theſe papers to your lordship, and to implore your lordship's protection of them. God and your lordship know their faults, and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a ſtranger to the matter; and though every body elſe ſhould be equally ignorant, I do not fear the ſale of the book, at all the worſe, upon that ſcore. Your lordship's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition:

neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship.

I SHOULD now, in right of a dedicator, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints, that I mean myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract to be applied to your lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident: for, upon the covers of these papers, I casually observed written in large letters the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin; (though I have them often in pay to translate out of that language); I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish, who englished it thus, let it be given to the worthiest: and his comment was, that the author meant his works should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard by, shewed him the translation, and desired his opi-

nion, who it was that the author could mean: he told me, after ſome conſideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but, by the deſcription, he thought himſelf to be the perſon aimed at; and, at the ſame time, he very kindly offer'd his own aſſiſtance *gratis* towards penning a dedication to himſelf. I deſired him, however, to give a ſecond gueſs; why then, ſaid he, it muſt be I, or my lord Sommers. From thence I went to ſeveral other wits of my acquaintance, with no ſmall hazard and wearineſs to my perſon from a prodigious number of dark, winding ſtairs; but found them all in the ſame ſtory, both of your lordſhip and themſelves. Now your lordſhip is to underſtand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have ſomewhere heard, it is a maxim, that thoſe, to whom every body allows the ſecond place, have an undoubted title to the firſt.

THIS infallibly convinced me that your lordſhip was the perſon intended by the author; but, being very unacquainted in the ſtyle and form of dedications, I employed thoſe wits aforeſaid to furniſh me with hints and materials towards a panegyrick upon your lordſhip's virtues.

IN two days they brought me ten ſheets of paper filled up on every ſide. They ſwore to me, that they had ranſacked whatever could

be found in the characters of Socrates, Ariſtides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reaſon to believe, they impoſed upon my ignorance; becauſe, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a ſyllable there, but what I and every body elſe knew as well as themſelves: therefore I grievouſly ſuſpected a cheat; and that theſe authors of mine ſtole and tranſcribed every word from the univerſal report of mankind. So that I look upon myſelf, as fifty ſhillings out of pocket to no manner of purpoſe.

IF, by altering the title, I could make the ſame materials ſerve for another dedication (as my betters have done) it would help to make up my loſs; but, I have made ſeveral perſons dip here and there in thoſe papers, and, before they read three lines, they have all aſſured me plainly, that they cannot poſſibly be applied to any perſon beſides your lordſhip.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your lordſhip's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach, or ſcaling a wall; or, to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal deſcent from the houſe of Auſtria; or, of your wonderful talent at dreſs and dancing; or, your profound knowledge in algebra, metaphyſicks, and the orien-

tal tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten ſtory of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wiſdom, and juſtice, and politeneſs, and candour, and evenneſs of temper in all ſcenes of life; of that great diſcernment in diſcovering, and readineſs in favouring deſerving men; with forty other common topicks: I confeſs, I have neither conſcience, nor countenance to do it. Becauſe, there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which ſome circumſtances of your own have not often produced upon the ſtage of the world; and thoſe few, which, for want of occaſions to exert them, might otherwiſe have paſſed unſeen or unobſerved by your friends, your (*a*) enemies have at length brought to light.

IT is true, I ſhould be very loth, the bright example of your lordſhip's virtues ſhould be loſt to after-ages, both for their ſake and your own; but chiefly, becauſe they will be ſo very neceſſary to adorn the hiſtory of a late (*b*) reign; and that is another reaſon, why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; becauſe I have been told by wiſemen, that, as

(*a*) In 1701 lord Sommers was impeached by the commons, who either finding their proofs defective, or for other reaſons, delay'd coming to a trial, and the lords thereupon proceeded to the trial without them, and acquitted him.

(*b*) K. William's; whoſe memory he defended in the H. of Lords againſt ſome invidious reflexions of the E. of Nottingham.

dedications have run for ſome years paſt; a good hiſtorian will not be apt to have recourſe thither in ſearch of characters.

THERE is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our meaſures; I mean, inſtead of running on ſo far upon the praiſe of our patrons liberality, to ſpend a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your lordship's, than by giving you ſo ample an occaſion to exerciſe it at preſent. Though perhaps I ſhall not be apt to reckon much merit to your lordship upon that ſcore, who having been formerly uſed to tedious harangues (*a*), and ſometimes to as little purpoſe, will be the readier to pardon this; eſpecially, when it is offered by one, who is with all reſpect and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your lordship's moſt obedient,
and moſt faithful ſervant,

The BOOKSELLER.

(*a*) Sir John Sommers was attorney general; then made lord keeper of the ſeals in 1692, and lord high chancellor and baron of Evesham in April 1697.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IT is now (*a*) ſix years ſince theſe papers came firſt to my hand, which ſeems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written; for, the author tells us in his preface to the firſt treatiſe, that he hath calculated it for the year 1697, and in ſeveral paſſages of that diſcourſe, as well as the ſecond, it appears they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of ſatisfaction; however, I am credibly informed that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is loſt, having lent it to a perſon, ſince dead, and being never in poſſeſſion of it after: ſo that, whether the work received his laſt hand, or, whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is like to remain a ſecret.

IF I ſhould go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became maſter of theſe papers, it would in this unbelieving age paſs for little more than the cant, or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly ſpare both him and myſelf ſo unneceſſary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult queſtion, why I published them no ſooner. I forbore upon two accounts: firſt,

(*a*) The Tale of a Tub was firſt published in 1704.

becauſe I thought I had better work upon my hands; and ſecondly, becauſe I was not without ſome hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But, I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a ſurreptitious copy (*a*), which a certain great wit had new polished and refined, or as our preſent writers expreſs themſelves, fitted to the humour of the age; as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccalini, la Bruyere, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will pleaſe to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itſelf.

(*a*) See the Apology.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY, TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE POSTERITY.

SIR,

I HERE preſent your highneſs with the fruits of a very few leiſure hours, ſtolen from the ſhort intervals of a world of buſineſs, and of an employment quite alien from ſuch amuſements as this: the poor production of that refuſe of time, which has lain heavy upon my

THE citation out of *Irenæus* in the title-page, which ſeems to be all Gibberiſh, is a form of initiation uſed anciently by the Marcoſian hereticks. W. Wotton.

IT is the uſual ſtyle of decried writers to appeal to Poſterity, who is here repreſented as a prince in his nonage, and Time as his governor; and the author begins in a way very frequent with him, by perſonating other writers, who ſometimes offer ſuch reaſons and excuſes for publishing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal and be aſhamed of.

hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather: for which, and other reaſons, it cannot chuſe extreamly to deſerve ſuch a patronage as that of your highneſs, whoſe numberleſs virtues, in ſo few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes: for although your highneſs is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the univerſal learned world already reſolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the loweſt and moſt reſigned ſubmiſſion; fate having decreed you ſole arbiter of the productions of human wit in this polite and moſt accomplished age. Methinks, the number of appellants were enough to ſhock and ſtartle any judge of a genius leſs unlimited than yours: but, in order to prevent ſuch glorious trials, the perſon, it ſeems, to whoſe care the education of your highneſs is committed, has reſolved (as I am told) to keep you in an almoſt univerſal ignorance of our ſtudies, which it is your inherent birthright to inſpect.

IT is amazing to me, that this perſon ſhould have aſſurance in the face of the ſun to go about perſuading your highneſs, that our age is almoſt wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any ſubject. I know very well, that when your highneſs ſhall come to riper years, and have gone through the

learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect enquiring into the authors of the very age before you; and to think that this inſolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, deſigns to reduce them to a number ſo inſignificant as I am aſhamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my ſpleen for the honour and intereſt of our vaſt flouriſhing body, as well as of myſelf, for whom I know by long experience, he has profeſſed, and ſtill continues, a peculiar malice.

IT is not unlikely, that, when your highneſs will one day peruſe what I am now writing, you may be ready to expoſtulate with your governor upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to ſhew you ſome of our productions. To which he will anſwer, (for I am well informed of his deſigns) by asking your highneſs, where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend it a demonſtration that there never were any, becauſe they are not then to be found: not to be found! who has miſlaid them? are they ſunk in the abyſs of things? it is certain, that in their own nature they were light enough to ſwim upon the ſurface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights ſo heavy to their heels, as to depreſs them to the center. Is their very eſſence deſtroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes?

who adminiſtred them to the poſteriors of—? But that it may no longer be a doubt with your highneſs, who is to be the author of this univerſal ruin; I beſeech you to obſerve that large and terrible ſcythe, which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleaſed to remark the length and ſtrength, the ſharpneſs and hardneſs of his nails and teeth: conſider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter; infectious and corrupting: and then reflect, whether it be poſſible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a ſuitable reſiſtance. Oh! that your highneſs would one day reſolve to diſarm this uſurping (*a*) *maire du palais*, of his furious engines, and bring your empire (*b*) *hors de page*.

It were endleſs to recount the ſeveral methods of tyranny and deſtruction, which your governor is pleaſed to practiſe upon this occaſion. His inveterate malice is ſuch to the writings of our age, that of ſeveral thouſands

(*a*) Comptroller. The kingdom of France had a race of kings, which they call *les roys fainéans* (from their doing nothing) who lived lazily in their apartments, while the kingdom was adminiſtered by the *mayor de palais*, till Charles-Martel the laſt mayor put his maſter to death, and took the kingdom into his own hand.

(*b*) Out of guardianship.

produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the ſun, there is not one to be heard of: unhappy infants, many of them barbarouſly deſtroyed, before they have ſo much as learnt their mother tongue to beg for pity. Some he ſtifles in their cradles, others he frights into convulſions, whereof they ſuddenly die: ſome he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch, and the reſt, tainted by his breath, die of a languiſhing conſumption.

BUT the concern I have moſt at heart, is for our corporation of poets, from whom I am preparing a petition to your highneſs, to be ſubſcribed with the names of one hundred thirty-ſix of the firſt rate, but whoſe immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earneſt appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to ſhew for a ſupport to his pretenſions. The never-dying works of theſe illuſtrious perſons your governor, Sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your highneſs is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one ſingle poet.

WE confeſs immortality to be a great and powerful goddeſs; but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our ſacrifices, if your highneſs's governor, who has uſurped

the prieſthood, muſt, by an unparallel'd ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, ſeems to be an aſſertion ſo bold and ſo falſe, that I have been ſometimes thinking, the contrary may almoſt be proved by uncontroulable demonſtration. It is true indeed, that altho' their numbers be vaſt, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried ſo haſtily off the ſcene, that they eſcape our memory, and elude our ſight. When I firſt thought of this addreſs, I had prepared a copious liſt of titles to preſent your highneſs, as an undiſputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were poſted fresh upon all gates and corners of ſtreets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places: I enquired after them among readers and bookſellers, but I enquired in vain, the memorial of them was loſt among men, their place was no more to be found: and I was laughed to ſcorn for a clown and a pedant, without all taſte and refinement, little verſed in the courſe of preſent affairs, and that knew nothing of what had paſſed in the beſt companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your highneſs, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon

particulars, is a task too ſlippery for my ſlender abilities. If I ſhould venture in a windy day to affirm to your highneſs that there is a large cloud near the horizon in the form of a bear, another in the zenith with the head of an aſs, a third to the weſtward with claws like a dragon; and your highneſs, ſhould in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth, it is certain, they would all be changed in figure and poſition, new ones would ariſe, and all, we could agree upon, would be, that clouds there were, but that I was groſly miſtaken in the zoography and topography of them.

BUT your governor perhaps may ſtill inſiſt, and put the queſtion: What is then become of thoſe immenſe bales of paper, which muſt needs have been employed in ſuch numbers of books? can theſe alſo be wholly annihilate, and ſo of a ſudden, as I pretend? What ſhall I ſay in return of ſo invidious an objection? it ill befits the diſtance between your highneſs and me, to ſend you for ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven; to the windows of a bawdy-houſe, or to a ſordid lanthern. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but there are ten thouſand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profeſs to your highneſs in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to ſay is

literally true this minute I am writing: what revolutions may happen before it ſhall be ready for your peruſal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a ſpecimen of our learning, our politeneſs, and our wit. I do therefore affirm upon the word of a ſincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called John Dryden, whoſe tranſlation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent ſearch were made, for aught I know, is yet to be ſeen. There is another, called Nahum Tate, who is ready to make oath, that he has cauſed many reams of verſe to be published, where of both himſelf and his bookſeller (if lawfully required) can ſtill produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleaſed to make ſuch a ſecret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Durfey, a poet of a vaſt comprehenſion, an univerſal genius, and moſt profound learning. There are alſo one Mr. Rymer, and one Mr. Dennis, moſt profound criticks. There is a perſon ſtyled Dr. Bentley, who has written near a thouſand pages of immenſe erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain ſquabble of wonderful importance between himſelf and a bookſeller (*a*): he is

(*a*) Bentley in his controverſy with lord Orrery upon the genuineneſs of Phalaris's epiſtles has given, in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookſeller about the loan and reſtitution of a MS.

a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more ſprightly turns. Farther I avow to your highneſs, that with theſe eyes I have beheld the perſon of William Wotton, B. D. who has written a good ſizeable volume againſt a friend of your governor (*a*) (from whom alas he muſt therefore look for little favour) in a moſt gentlemanly ſtyle, adorned with the utmoſt politeneſs and civility; replete with diſcoveries equally valuable for their novelty and uſe; and embellished with traits of wits ſo poignant and ſo appoſite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementiond friend.

WHY should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the juſt elogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of juſtice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the preſent ſet of wits in our nation: their perſons I shall deſcribe particularly and at length, their genius and underſtandings in mignature.

IN the mean time, I do here make bold to preſent your highneſs with a faithful abſtract drawn from the univerſal body of all arts and ſciences, intended wholly for your ſervice and inſtruction: nor do I doubt in the leaſt, but your highneſs will peruſe it as carefully,

(*a*) Sir William Temple.

and make as conſiderable improvements, as other young princes have already done by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their ſtudies (*a*).

THAT your highneſs may advance in wiſdom and virtue, as well as years, and at laſt out-ſhine all your royal anceſtors, ſhall be the daily prayer of,

SIR,

Decemb. 1697. Your Highneſs's
Moſt devoted, &c.

(*a*) There were innumerable books printed for the uſe of the Dauphine of France.

THE PREFACE.

THE wits of the preſent age being ſo very numerous and penetrating, it ſeems, the grandees of church and ſtate begin to fall under horrible apprehenſions, leſt theſe gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, ſhould find leiſure to pick holes in the weak ſides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late upon certain projects for taking off the force, and edge of thoſe formidable enquirers, from canvaſſing and reaſoning upon ſuch delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require ſome time as well as coſt to perfect. Mean while, the danger hourly encreaſing by new levies of wits all appointed (as there is reaſon to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may at an hour's warning be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offenſive weapons, ready for immediate execution; it was judged of abſolute neceſſity, that ſome preſent expedient be thought on, 'till the main deſign can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee ſome days ago, this important diſcovery was made by a certain curious and refined obſerver: that ſeamen have a cuſtom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amuſement, to divert him from laying vio-

lent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologiſed: the whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's Leviathan, which toſſes and plays with all ſchemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noiſy, and wooden, and given to rotation: this is the leviathan, from whence the terrible wits of our age are ſaid to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger is eaſily underſtood to be its old antitype the commonwealth. But how to analyſe the tub, was a matter of difficulty: when, after long enquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preſerved; and it was decreed, that in order to prevent theſe leviathans from toſſing and ſporting with the commonwealth, which of itſelf is too apt to *fluctuate*, they ſhould be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And, my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

THIS is the ſole deſign in publiſhing the following treatiſe, which I hope will ſerve for an interim of ſome months to employ thoſe unquiet ſpirits, 'till the perfecting of that great work; into the ſecret of which, it is reaſonable the courteous reader ſhould have ſome little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thouſand

ſeven hundred forthy and three perſons: which by modeſt computation is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits in this iſland. Theſe are to be diſpoſed into the ſeveral ſchools of this academy, and there purſue thoſe ſtudies to which their genius moſt inclines them. The undertaker himſelf will publish his propoſals with all convenient ſpeed, to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at preſent only a few of the principal ſchools: there is, firſt, a large *paderaſtic* ſchool, with French and Italian maſters. There is, alſo, the ſpelling ſchool, a very ſpacious building, the ſchool of looking glaſſes, the ſchool of ſwearing: the ſchool of criticks: the ſchool of ſalivation: the ſchool of hobby-horſes: the ſchool of poetry: (*a*) the ſchool of tops: the ſchool of ſpleen: the ſchool of gaming: with many others, too tedious to recount. No perſon to be admitted member into any of theſe ſchools without an atteſtation under two ſufficient perſons hands, certifying him to be a wit.

BUT to return: I am ſufficiently inſtructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I

(*a*) This I think the author ſhould have omitted, it being of the very ſame nature with the ſchool of hobby-horſes, if one may venture to cenſure one, who is ſo ſevere a cenſurer of others, perhaps with too little diſtinction.

forced my imagination to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty: the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatiſe. Not ſo my more ſucceſsful brethren the moderns, who will by no means let ſlip a preface or dedication, without ſome notable diſtinguishing ſtroke to ſurpriſe the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to enſue. Such was that of a moſt ingenious poet, who, ſolliciting his brain for ſomething new, compared himſelf to the hangman, and his patron to the patient: this was (*a*) *inſigne, recens, indictum ore alio.* When I went through that neceſſary and noble (*b*) courſe of ſtudy, I had the happineſs to obſerve many ſuch egregious touches, which I ſhall not injure the authors by tranſplanting: becauſe I have remarked, that nothing is ſo very tender as a modern piece of wit, and which is apt to ſuffer ſo much in the carriage. Some things are extreamly witty to-day, or faſting, or in this place, or at eight a clock, or over a bottle, or ſpoke by Mr. Whatd'ycall'm, or in a ſummer's morning: any of the which, by the ſmalleſt tranſpoſal or miſapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus, wit has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not ſtray the breadth of an hair, upon peril of being

(*a*) Hor. Something extraordinary, new, and never hit upon before.

(*b*) Reading prefaces, &c.

loſt. The moderns have artfully fixed this mercury, and reduced it to the circumſtances of time, place, and perſon. Such a jeſt there is, that will not paſs out of Covent-Garden; and ſuch a one, that is no where intelligible but at Hyde-Park-Corner. Now, though it ſometimes tenderly affects me to conſider, that all the towardly paſſages I ſhall deliver in the following treatiſe, will grow quite out of date and relish with the firſt ſhifting of the preſent ſcene, yet I muſt needs ſubſcribe to the juſtice of this proceeding; becauſe, I cannot imagine why we ſhould be at expence to furniſh wit for ſucceeding ages, when the former have made no ſort of proviſion for ours: wherein I ſpeak the ſentiment of the very neweſt, and conſequently the moſt orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extreamly ſollicitous, that every accomplished perſon, who has got into the taſte of wit calculated for this preſent month of Auguſt, 1697, ſhould deſcend to the very bottom of all the ſublime throughout this treatiſe; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim: whatever reader deſires to have a thorough comprehenſion of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himſelf into the circumſtances and poſtures of life, that the writer was in upon every important paſſage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity and ſtrict correſpondence of ideas between the

reader and the author. Now to aſſiſt the diligent reader in ſo delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the ſhrewdeſt pieces of this treatiſe were conceived in bed, in a garret: at other times, for a reaſon beſt known to myſelf, I thought fit to ſharpen my invention with hunger; and in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long courſe of phyſick, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it will be abſolutely impoſſible for the candid peruſer to go along with me in a great many bright paſſages, unleſs, upon the ſeveral difficulties emergent, he will pleaſe to capacitate and prepare himſelf by theſe directions. And this I lay down as my principal *poſtulatum*.

BECAUSE I have profeſſed to be a moſt devoted ſervant of all modern forms, I apprehend ſome curious wit may object againſt me, for proceeding thus far in a preface without declaiming, according to the cuſtom, againſt the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers moſt reaſonably complain. I am juſt come from peruſing ſome hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning addreſs the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of theſe I have preſerved a few examples, and ſhall ſet them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One

One begins thus;

For a man to ſet up for a writer, when the preſs ſwarms with, &c.

Another;

The tax upon paper does not leſſen the number of ſcribblers, who daily peſter, &c.

Another;

When every little would-be-wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the liſts, &c.

Another;

To obſerve what trash the preſs ſwarms with, &c.

Another;

Sir, *It is merely in obedience to your commands, that I venture into the public; for who, upon a leſs conſideration, would be of a party with ſuch a rabble of ſcribblers*, &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence againſt this objection. Firſt, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuiſance to our nation, having ſtrenuouſly main-

tained the contrary in ſeveral parts of the following diſcourſe. Secondly, I do not well underſtand the juſtice of this proceeding: becauſe I obſerve many of theſe polite prefaces to be not only from the ſame hand, but from thoſe, who are moſt voluminous in their ſeveral productions. Upon which, I ſhall tell the reader a ſhort tale:

A mountebank, in Leiceſter-Fields, had drawn a huge aſſembly about him. Among the reſt, a fat unwieldly fellow, half ſtifled in the preſs, would be every fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy croud is here? pray, good people, give way a little. Bleſs me! what a devil has raked this rabble together: z—ds, what ſqueezing is this! honeſt friend, remove your elbow. At laſt a weaver, that ſtood next him, could hold no longer: A plague confound you (ſaid he) for an overgrown ſloven; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the croud half ſo much as yourſelf? Don't you conſider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcaſs than any five here? is not the place as free for us as for you? bring your own guts to a reaſonable compaſs, and be d—n'd, and then I'll engage we ſhall have room enough for us all.

THERE are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reaſon to doubt; particularly,

that, where I am not underſtood, it ſhall be concluded, that ſomething very uſeful and profound is couched underneath: and again, that whatever word or ſentence is printed in a different character, ſhall be judged to contain ſomething extraordinary either of wit or ſublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praiſing myſelf, upon ſome occaſions or none; I am ſure it will need no excuſe, if a multitude of great examples be allowed ſufficient authority: for it is here to be noted, that praiſe was originally a penſion paid by the world; but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee-ſimple; ſince which time, the right of preſentation is wholly in ourſelves. For this reaſon it is, that, when an author makes his own elogy, he uſes a certain form to declare and inſiſt upon his title, which is commonly in theſe or the like words, I ſpeak without vanity; which I think plainly ſhews it to be a matter of right and juſtice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that, in every encounter of this nature through the following treatiſe, the form aforeſaid is implied; which I mention, to ſave the trouble of repeating it on ſo many occaſions.

It is a great eaſe to my conſcience, that I have written ſo elaborate and uſeful a diſ-

courſe without one grain of ſatyr intermixed; which is the ſole point, wherein I have taken leave to diſſent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have obſerved ſome ſatyriſts to uſe the publick much at the rate, that pedants do a naughty boy ready horſed for diſcipline: firſt, expoſtulate the caſe, then plead the neceſſity of the rod from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know any thing of mankind, theſe gentlemen might very well ſpare their reproof and correction: for there is not, through all nature, another ſo callous and inſenſible a member as the world's poſteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Beſides, moſt of our late ſatyriſts ſeem to lie under a ſort of miſtake; that, becauſe nettles have the prerogative to ſting, therefore all other weeds muſt do ſo too. I make not this compariſon out of the leaſt deſign to detract from theſe worthy writers: for it is well known among mythologiſts, that weeds have the preeminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the firſt monarch of this iſland, whoſe taſte and judgment were ſo acute and refined, did very wiſely root out the roſes from the collar of the order, and plant the thiſtles in their ſtead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reaſon it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries, that the ſatyrical itch, ſo prevalent in this part of our iſland, was firſt brought among us from beyond the Tweed,

Here may it long flourish and abound: may it ſurvive and neglect the ſcorn of the world, with as much eaſe and contempt, as the world is inſenſible to the laſhes of it. May their own dulneſs, or that of their party, be no diſcouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with wits as with razors, which are never ſo apt to cut thoſe they are employ'd on, as when they have loſt their edge. Beſides, thoſe, whoſe teeth are too rotten to bite, are beſt, of all others, qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I AM not like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reaſon I muſt needs bear a true honour to this large eminent ſect of our British writers. And I hope, this little panegyrick will not be offenſive to their ears, ſince it has the advantage of being only deſigned for themſelves. Indeed, nature herſelf has taken order, that fame and honour ſhould be purchaſed at a better pennyworth by ſatyr, than by any other productions of the brain, the world being ſooneſt provoked to praiſe by laſhes, as men are to love. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon ſtale muſty topicks, without the ſmalleſt tincture of any thing new, not only to the torment and nauſeating of the chriſtian reader, but, if not ſuddenly prevented, to the univerſal ſpreading of that peſtilent diſeaſe, the le-

thargy, in this iſland: whereas there is very little ſatyr, which has not ſomething in it untouched before. The defects of the former are uſually imputed to the want of invention among thoſe, who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injuſtice, the ſolution being eaſy and natural: for, the materials of panegyrick, being very few in number, have been long ſince exhauſted. For, as health is but one thing, and has been always the ſame, whereas diſeaſes are by thouſands, beſides new and daily additions; ſo, all the virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but his follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now the utmoſt a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a liſt of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmoſt liberality to his hero or his patron: he may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phraſe 'till he has talked round: but the reader quickly finds it is all (*a*) pork, with a little variety of ſauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and, when our ideas are exhauſted, terms of art muſt be ſo too.

BUT, though the matter for panegyrick were as fruitful as the topicks of ſatyr, yet would it not be hard to find out a ſufficient reaſon, why the latter will be always better

(*a*) Plutarch.

received than the firſt. For, this being beſtowed only upon one, or a few perſons at a time, is ſure to raiſe envy, and conſequently ill words from the reſt, who have no ſhare in the bleſſing: but ſatyr, being levelled at all, is never reſented for an offence by any, ſince every individual perſon makes bold to underſtand it of others, and very wiſely removes his particular part of the burthen upon the ſhoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpoſe, I have ſometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England with reſpect to the point before us. In the (a) Attic commonwealth it was the privilege and birth-right of every citizen and poet to rail aloud, and in public, or to expoſe upon the ſtage, by name, any perſon they pleaſed, though of the greateſt figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demoſthenes: but, on the other ſide, the leaſt reflecting word let fall againſt the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however conſiderable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is juſt the reverſe of all this. Here, you may ſecurely diſplay your utmoſt rhetorick againſt mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, « That » all are gone aſtray; that there is none that » doth good, no not one; that we live in the-

(a) *Vide* Xen.

» very dregs of time; that knavery and atheiſm » are epidemic as the pox; that honeſty is fled » with Aſtræa »; with any other common places, equally new and eloquent, which are furniſhed by the *ſplendida* (*a*) *bilis*. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, ſhall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and uſeful truths. Nay farther; it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-Garden againſt foppery and fornication, and ſomething elſe: againſt pride, and diſſimulation, and bribery, at White-Hall: you may expoſe rapine and injuſtice in the inns of court-chapel: and in a city-pulpit, be as fierce as you pleaſe againſt avarice, hypocriſy, and extortion. 'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him to ſtrike it from himſelf among the reſt of the company. But, on the other ſide, whoever ſhould miſtake the nature of things ſo far, as to drop but a ſingle hint in public, « how ſuch a one ſtarved » half the fleet, and half poiſoned the reſt: how » ſuch a one, from a true principle of love and » honour, pays no debts but for wenches and » play: how ſuch a one has got a clap, and runs » out of his eſtate: (*b*) how Paris, bribed by

(*a*) Hor. Spleen.

(*b*) Juno and Venus, are money and a miſtreſs; very powerful bribes to a judge, if ſcandal ſays true. I remember ſuch reflections were caſt about that time, but I cannot fix the perſon intended here.

» Juno and Venus, loth to offend either party, » ſlept out the whole cauſe on the bench: or, » how ſuch an orator makes long ſpeeches in » the ſenate with much thought, little ſenſe, » and to no purpoſe »; whoever, I ſay, should venture to be thus particular, muſt expect to be impriſoned for *ſcandalum magnatum*; to have challenges ſent him; to be ſued for defamation; and to be brought before the bar of the houſe.

BUT I forget that I am expatiating on a ſubject, wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for ſatyr! on the other ſide, I am ſo entirely ſatisfied with the whole preſent procedure of human things, that I have been ſome years preparing materials towards A Panegyrick upon the world; to which I intended to add a ſecond part, entitled, A modeſt defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages. Both theſe I had thoughts to publish, by way of appendix to the following treatiſe; but, finding my common-place book fill much ſlower than I had reaſon to expect, I have choſen to defer them to another occaſion. Beſides, I have been unhappily prevented in that deſign by a certain domeſtic misfortune, in the particulars whereof, though it would be very ſeaſonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would alſo be of great aſſiſtance towards extending this preface into the

ſize now in vogue, which by rule ought to be large in proportion as the ſubſequent volume is ſmall; yet I ſhall now diſmiſs our impatient reader from any farther attendance at the porch; and, having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary diſcourſe, ſhall gladly introduce him to the ſublime myſteries, that enſue.

TALE OF A TUB.

SECT. I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER hath an ambition to be heard in a croud, muſt preſs, and ſqueeze, and thruſt, and climb, with indefatigable pains, 'till he has exalted himſelf to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now in all aſſemblies, though you wedge them ever ſo cloſe, we may obſerve this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough, but how to reach it, is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of number, as of hell;

* —— *evadere ad auras,*
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt.

TO this end the philoſopher's way in all ages has been by erecting certain edifices in the air: but, whatever practice and reputation theſe kind of ſtructures have formerly poſſeſſed, or may ſtill continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was ſuſpended in a basket to help contemplation; I think, with due ſubmiſſion, they ſeem to labour under two

* But to return, and view the cheerful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

inconveniences. Firſt, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of ſight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, That the materials, being very tranſitory, have ſuffered much from inclemencies of air, eſpecially in theſe north-weſt regions.

THEREFORE, towards the juſt performance of this great work there remain but three methods, that I can think on; whereof the wiſdom of our anceſtors being highly ſenſible, has, to encourage all aſpiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the uſe of thoſe orators, who deſire to talk much without interruption. Theſe are, the pulpit, the ladder, and the ſtage-itinerant. For, as to the bar, though it be compounded of the ſame matter, and deſigned for the ſame uſe, it cannot however be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reaſon of its level or inferior ſituation expoſing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the bench itſelf, though raiſed to a proper eminency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates inſiſt on. For, if they pleaſe to look into the original deſign of its erection, and the circumſtances or adjuncts ſubſervient to that deſign, they will ſoon acknowledge the preſent practice exactly correſpondent to the primitive inſtitution, and both to anſwer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue is a word of great ſignification, import-

ing, if literally interpreted, the place of ſleep; but in common acceptation, a ſeat well bolſtered and cushioned, for the repoſe of old and gouty limbs: *ſenes ut in otia tuta recedant.* Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long talked, whilſt others ſlept, ſo now they may ſleep as long, whilſt others talk.

BUT if no other argument could occur to exclude the bench and the bar from the liſt of oratorial machines, it were ſufficient, that the admiſſion of them would overthrow a number, which I was reſolved to eſtabliſh, whatever argument it might coſt me; in imitation of that prudent method obſerved by many other philoſophers and great clerks, whoſe chief art in diviſion has been to grow fond of ſome proper myſtical number, which their imaginations have rendered ſacred, to a degree, that they force common reaſon to find room for it in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjuſting every *genus* and *ſpecies* within that compaſs, by coupling ſome againſt their wills, and baniſhing others at any rate. Now, among all the reſt, the profound number THREE is that, which hath moſt employed my ſublimeſt ſpeculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the preſs, and will be published next term, a panegyrical eſſay of mine upon this number, wherein I have by moſt convincing

proofs not only reduced the ſenſes and the elements under its banner, but brought over ſeveral deſerters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.

NOW, the firſt of theſe oratorial machines in place, as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this iſland ſeveral ſorts; but I eſteem only that made of timber from the *ſylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better both for conveyance of ſound, and for other reaſons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in ſhape and ſize I take to conſiſt in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and beſt of all without a cover (for, by ancient rule it ought to be the only uncovered veſſel in every aſſembly, where it is rightly uſed) by which means, from its near reſemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

OF ladders I need ſay nothing: it is obſerved by foreigners themſelves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and underſtanding of this machine. The aſcending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the early publication of their ſpeeches; which I look upon as the choiceſt treaſury of our British eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookſeller, Mr. John Dunton,

hath made a faithful and a painful collection, which he shortly deſigns to publish in twelve volumes in folio, illuſtrated with copper-plates. A work highly uſeful and curious, and altogether worthy of ſuch a hand.

THE laſt engine of orators is the (*a*) ſtage-itinerant, erected with much ſagacity (*b*), *ſub Jove pluvio, in triviis & quadriviis.* It is the great ſeminary of the two former, and its orators are ſometimes preferred to the one, and ſometimes to the other, in proportion to their deſervings, there being a ſtrict and perpetual intercourſe between all three.

FROM this accurate deduction it is manifeſt, that for obtaining attention in public there is of neceſſity required a ſuperior poſition of place. But, although this point be generally granted, yet the cauſe is little agreed in; and it ſeems to me, that very few philoſophers have fallen into a true, natural ſolution of this phænomenon. The deepeſt account, and the moſt fairly digeſted of any I have yet met with, is this; that air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the ſyſtem of Epicurus, continually deſcending, muſt needs

(*a*) Is the mountebank's ſtage, whoſe orators the author determines either to the gallows or a conventicle.

(*b*) In the open air, and in ſtreets where the greateſt reſort is.

be more ſo, when loaden and preſſed down by words; which are alſo bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifeſt from thoſe deep impreſſions they make and leave upon us; and therefore muſt be delivered from a due altitude, or elſe they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a ſufficient force.

* *Corpoream quoque enim vocem conſtare fatendum eſt,*
Et ſonitum, quoniam poſſunt impellere ſenſus.
Lucr. lib. 4.

AND I am the readier to favour this conjecture from a common obſervation; that in the ſeveral aſſemblies of theſe orators, nature itſelf hath inſtructed the hearers to ſtand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, ſo as they may be interſected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the center of the earth. In which poſition, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a ſhare, and little or nothing is loſt.

I CONFESS, there is ſomething yet more refined in the contrivance and ſtructure of our modern theatres. For, firſt, the pit is ſunk below the ſtage with due regard to the inſtitution above-deduced; that whatever weighty

* Tis certain then, that voice that thus can wound,
Is all material; body every ſound.

matter ſhall be delivered thence, whether it be lead or gold, may fall plum into the jaws of certain criticks, as I think they are called, which ſtand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raiſed to a level with the ſcene, in deference to the ladies; becauſe, that large portion of wit, laid out in raiſing pruriences and protuberances, is obſerved to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining paſſions, and little ſtarved conceits are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid underſtandings of the inhabitants. Bombaſtry and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, ſoar higheſt of all, and would be loſt in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foreſight contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny-gallery, and there planted a ſuitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their paſſage.

Now this phyſico-logical ſcheme of oratorial receptacles or machines contains a great myſtery, being a type, a ſign, an emblem, a ſhadow, a ſymbol, bearing analogy to the ſpacious commonwealth of writers, and to thoſe methods by which they muſt exalt themſelves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the pulpit are adumbrated the writings of our modern ſaints in Great-Britain, as they have ſpiritualiſed and refined them

from the droſs and groſſneſs of ſenſe and human reaſon. The matter, as we have ſaid, is of rotten wood; and that upon two conſiderations; becauſe it is the quality of rotten wood to give light in the dark: and ſecondly, becauſe its cavities are full of worms; which is a (*a*) type with a pair of handles, having a reſpect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

THE ladder is an adequate ſymbol of faction, and of poetry, to both of which ſo noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. (*b*) Of faction, becauſe . . .

. . . . . *Hiatus in*
. . . . . *M. S.*
. . . . . .

. . . . . Of poetry, becauſe its orators do *perorare* with a ſong; and becauſe climbing up by ſlow degrees, fate is ſure to turn them off before they can reach within

(*a*) The two principal qualifications of a fanatic preacher are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots; and the two different fates of his writings are, to be burnt or worm-eaten.

(*b*) Here is pretended a defect in the manuſcript; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot ſay any thing worth reading, or when he has no mind to enter on the ſubject, or when it is a matter of little moment, or perhaps to amuſe his reader, whereof he is frequently very fond; or, laſtly, with ſome ſatyrical intention.

many ſteps of the top: and becauſe it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

UNDER the ſtage-itinerant are couched thoſe productions deſigned for the pleaſure and delight of mortal man; ſuch as, Six-penny-worth of wit, Weſtminſter drolleries, Delightful tales, Compleat jeſters, and the like; by which the writers of and for GRUB-STREET have in theſe latter ages ſo nobly triumphed over Time; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hourglaſs, blunted his ſcythe, and drawn the hobnails out of his shoes. It is under this claſs, I have preſumed to liſt my preſent treatiſe, being juſt come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illuſtrious fraternity.

NOW, I am not unaware, how the productions of the Grub-Street brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices, nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior ſtart-up ſocieties to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their eſtabliſhed poſt in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own conſciences will eaſily inform them, whom I mean; nor has the world been ſo negligent a looker-on, as not to obſerve the continual efforts made by

the ſocieties of Greſham (*a*) and of (*b*) Will's to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderneſs as well as of juſtice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as injuſt, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themſelves, to ſay nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are ſeminaries not only of our planting, but our watering too? I am informed, our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the liſts with united forces, and challenge us to a compariſon of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which with licence from our preſident, I humbly offer two anſwers: Firſt, we ſay, the propoſal is like that which Archimedes made upon a (*c*) ſmaller affair, including an impoſſibility in the practice; for, where can they find ſcales of capacity enough for the firſt, or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the ſecond. Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this con-

(*a*) Greſham college was the place where the Royal Society then met, from whence they removed to Crane-Court, in Fleet-Street.

(*b*) Will's coffee-houſe in Covent-Garden was formerly the place where the poets uſually met, which, though it be yet freſh in memory, in ſome years may be forgotten, and want this explanation.

(*c*) Viz. About moving the earth.

dition, that a third indifferent perſon be aſſigned, to whoſe impartial judgment it ſhould be left to decide, which ſociety each book, treatiſe or pamphlet do moſt properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at preſent: for, we are ready to produce a catalogue of ſome thouſands, which in all common juſtice ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers moſt perfidiouſly aſcribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination ſhould be remitted to the authors themſelves; when our adverſaries by briguing and caballing have cauſed ſo univerſal a defection from us, that the greateſt part of our ſociety hath already deſerted to them, and our neareſt friends begin to ſtand aloof, as if they were half-aſhamed to own us.

THIS is the utmoſt I am authoriſed to ſay upon ſo ungrateful and melancholy a ſubject; becauſe we are extreme unwilling to inflame a controverſy, whoſe continuance may be ſo fatal to the intereſts of us all, deſiring much rather that things be amicably compoſed; and we ſhall ſo far advance on our ſide, as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with open arms whenever they ſhall think fit to return from their huſks and their harlots; which, I think, from the (*a*) preſent courſe of their

(*a*) Virtuoſo experiments, and modern comedies.

ſtudies they moſt properly may be ſaid to be engaged in; and like an indulgent parent continue to them our affection and our bleſſing.

BUT the greateſt maim given to that general reception, which the writings of our ſociety have formerly received (next to the tranſitory ſtate of all ſublunary things) hath been a ſuperficial vein among many readers of the preſent age, who will by no means be perſuaded to inſpect beyond the ſurface and the rind of things; whereas, wiſdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at laſt coſt you the pains to dig out: it is a cheeſe, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarſer coat; and whereof to a judicious palate the maggots are the beſt: it is a ſack-poſſet, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the ſweeter. Wiſdom is a hen, whoſe cackling we muſt value and conſider, becauſe it is attended with an egg: but then, laſtly, it is a nut, which, unleſs you chuſe with judgment, may coſt you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm. In conſequence of theſe momentous truths, the Grubæan ſages have always choſen to convey their precepts and their arts shut up within the vehicles of types and fables, which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning, than was altogether neceſſary, it has fared with theſe vehicles, after the uſual fate of coaches over finely

painted and gilt; that the tranſitory gazers have ſo dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward luſtre, as neither to regard or conſider the perſon or the parts of the owner within. A misfortune we undergo with ſomewhat leſs reluctancy, becauſe it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æſop, Socrates, and other of our predeceſſors.

HOWEVER, that neither the world, nor ourſelves, may any longer ſuffer by ſuch miſunderſtandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a compleat and laborious diſſertation upon the prime productions of our ſocieties, which, beſides their beautiful externals for the gratification of ſuperficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the moſt finished and refined ſyſtems of all ſciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by untwiſting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or diſplay by inciſion.

THIS great work was entered upon ſome years ago by one of our moſt eminent members: he began with the hiſtory of (*a*) Reynard the fox, but neither lived to publish his

(*a*) The author ſeems here to be miſtaken, for I have ſeen a Latin edition of Reynard the fox above a hundred years old, which I take to be the original; for the reſt, it has been thought by many people to contain ſome ſatyrical deſign in it.

eſſay, nor to proceed farther in ſo uſeful an attempt, which is very much to be lamented, becauſe the diſcovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now univerſally received; nor do I think, any of the learned will diſpute that famous treatiſe to be a compleat body of civil knowledge, and the revelation, or rather the apocalypſe of all ſtate-*arcana*. But the progreſs I have made is much greater, having already finished my annotations upon ſeveral dozens; from ſome of which, I ſhall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be neceſſary to the concluſion, at which I aim.

THE firſt piece I have handled is that of Tom Thumb, whoſe author was a Pythagorean philoſopher. This dark treatiſe contains the whole ſcheme of the Metempſychoſis, deducing the progreſs of the ſoul through all her ſtages.

THE next is Dr. Fauſtus, penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus*; he published it in the (*a*) nine-hundred eighty-fourth year of his age; this writer proceeds wholly by reincrudation, or in the *via humida:* and the marriage between Fauſtus, and Helen does moſt conſpicuouſly dilucitade the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

(*a*) The chymiſts ſay of him in their books, that he prolonged his life to a thouſand years, and then died voluntarily.

WHITTINGTON

WHITTINGTON and his cat, is the work of that myſterious rabbi, Jehuda Hannaſi, containing a defence of the gemara, (*a*) of the Jeruſalem miſna, and its juſt preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

THE hind and panther. This is the maſterpiece of a famous (*b*) writer now living, intended for a compleat abſtract of ſixteen thouſand ſchool-men from Scotus to Bellarmin.

TOMMY Pots. Another piece ſuppoſed by the ſame hand, by way of ſupplement to the former.

THE wiſe men of Goatham, *cum appendice.* This is a treatiſe of immenſe erudition, being the great original and fountain of thoſe arguments, bandied about both in France and England, for a juſt defence of the moderns learning and wit againſt the preſumption, the pride, and ignorance of the ancients. This unknown author hath ſo exhauſted the ſubject, that a penetrating reader will eaſily diſcover whatever hath been written ſince upon that diſpute to be little more than repetition (*c*).

(*a*) The gemara is the deciſion, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewish rabbis; and the miſna is properly the code or body of the Jewish civil or common law.

(*b*) Viz. In the year 1698.

(*c*) This I ſuppoſe to be underſtood of Mr. Wotton's diſcourſe of ancient and modern learning.

An abſtract of this treatiſe hath been lately published by a worthy member of our ſociety.

THESE notices may ſerve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taſte, of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumſcribed my thoughts and my ſtudies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the (*a*) poor remains of an unfortunate life. This indeed is more than I can juſtly expect from a quill worn to the pith in the ſervice of the ſtate, in pro's and con's upon popish plots, and (*b*) meal tubs, and excluſion bills, and paſſive obedience, and addreſſes of lives and fortunes: and prerogative, and property, and liberty of conſcience, and letters to a friend: from an underſtanding and a conſcience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the oppoſite factions; and from a body ſpent with

(*a*) Here the author ſeems perſonate L'Eſtrange, Dryden, and ſome others, who, after having paſt their lives in vices, faction and falshood, have the impudence to talk of merit, and innocence, and ſufferings.

(*b*) In king Charles the ſecond's time, there was an account of a presbyterian plot, found in a tub, which then made much noiſe.

poxes ill cured, by truſting to bawds and ſurgeons, who, as it afterwards appeared, were profeſſed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my noſe and ſhins. Fourſcore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the ſervice of ſix and thirty factions. But, finding the ſtate has no farther occaſion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into ſpeculations more becoming a philoſopher; having, to my unſpeakable comfort, paſſed a long life with a conſcience void of offence.

BUT to return. I am aſſured from the reader's candour, that the brief ſpecimen I have given, will eaſily clear all the reſt of our ſociety's productions from an aſperſion grown, as it is manifeſt, out of envy and ignorance; that they are of little farther uſe or value to mankind beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their ſtyle; for theſe I am ſure have never yet been diſputed by our keeneſt adverſaries: in both which, as well as the more profound and myſtical part, I have throughout this treatiſe cloſely followed the moſt applauded originals. And to render all compleat, I have with much thought and application of mind ſo ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean, that under which I deſign it ſhall paſs in the common converſations of court and town, is mo-

delled exactly after the manner peculiar to our ſociety.

I CONFESS to have been ſomewhat liberal in the buſineſs of (*a*) titles, having obſerved the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it ſeems not unreaſonable, that books, the children of the brain, ſhould have the honour to be chriſtened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce alſo a multiplicity of (*b*) god-fathers; which is an improvement of much more advantage upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, ſo as to grow by this time into general imitation, when ſuch an authority ſerves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to ſecond ſo uſeful an example: but it ſeems, there is an unhappy expence uſually annexed to the calling of a god-father, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reaſonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot

(*a*) The title-page in the original was ſo torn, that it was not poſſible to recover ſeveral titles, which the author here ſpeaks of.

(*b*) See Virgil tranſlated, &c. he dedicated the different parts of Virgil to different patrons.

certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to ſplit my treatiſe into forty ſections, and having intreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to ſtand, they all made it a matter of conſcience, and ſent me their excuſes.

SECT. II.

A TALE OF A TUB.

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had three (*a*) ſons by one wife, and all at a birth, neither could the midwife, tell certainly which was the eldeſt. Their father died while they were young; and upon his deathbed, calling the lads to him, ſpoke thus:

SONS; becauſe I have purchaſed no eſtate, nor was born to any, I have long conſidered of ſome good legacies to bequeath you; and at laſt, with much care as well as expence, have provided each of you (here they are) a new (*b*) coat. Now, you are to underſtand, that theſe coats have two virtues contained in them: one is, that with good wearing they will laſt you freſh and ſound as long as you live: the other is, that they will grow in the

(*a*) By theſe three ſons, Peter, Martin, and Jack, Popery, the Church of England, and our Proteſtant Diſſenters are deſigned. W. Wotton.

(*b*) By his coats, which he gave his ſons, the garment of the Iſraelites. W. Wotton.

AN error (with ſubmiſſion) of the learned commentator; for by the coats are meant the doctrine and faith of chriſtianity, by the wiſdom of the divine founder fitted to all times, places, and circumſtances. Lambin.

ſame proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themſelves, ſo as to be always fit. Here; let me ſee them on you before I die. So; very well; pray children wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my (*a*) will (here it is) full inſtructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you muſt be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every tranſgreſſion or neglect, upon which your future fortune will entirely depend. I have alſo commanded in my will, that you should live together in one houſe like brethren and friends, for then you will be ſure to thrive, and not otherwiſe.

HERE the ſtory ſays, this good father died, and the three ſons went all together to ſeek their fortunes.

I SHALL not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the firſt ſeven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully obſerved their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order: that they travelled through ſeveral countries, encountered a reaſonable quantity of giants, and ſlew certain dragons.

BEING now arrived at the proper age for producing themſelves, they came up to town,

(*a*) The new teſtament.

and fell in love with the ladies, but eſpecially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the *(a)* Ducheſs d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Counteſs d'Orgueil. On their firſt appearance our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and ſoon with great ſagacity gueſſing out the reaſon, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town: they writ and rallied, and rhymed, and ſung, and ſaid, and ſaid nothing: they drank, and fought, and whored, and ſlept, and ſwore, and took ſnuff: they went to new plays on the firſt night, haunted the chocolate houſes, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps: they bilked hackney coachmen, ran in debt with ſhopkeepers, and lay with their wives: they killed bailiffs, kicked fidlers down ſtairs, eat at Locket's, loitered at Will's: they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there: dined with lords they never ſaw: whiſpered a ducheſs, and ſpoke never a word: expoſed the ſcrawls of their laundreſs for billet-doux of quality: came ever juſt from court, and were never ſeen in it: attended the levee *ſub dio*: got a liſt of peers by heart in one company, and with

(a) Their miſtreſſes are the Ducheſs d'Argent, Mademoiſelle de Grands Titres, and the Counteſs d'Orgueil, i. e. covetouſneſs, ambition, and pride; which were the three great vices that the antient fathers inveighed againſt, as the firſt corruptions of chriſtianity. W. Wotton.

great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they conſtantly attended thoſe committees of ſenators, who are ſilent in the houſe, and loud in the coffee-houſe, where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politicks, and are encompaſſed with a ring of diſciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like ſtamp, too tedious to recount, and by conſequence were juſtly reckoned the moſt accomplished perſons in the town: but all would not ſuffice, and the ladies aforeſaid continued ſtill inflexible. To clear up which difficulty I muſt, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourſe to ſome points of weight, which the authors of that age have not ſufficiently illuſtrated.

FOR (*a*) about this time it happened a ſect aroſe, whoſe tenets obtained and ſpread very far, eſpecially in the grand monde, and among every body of good fashion. They worshipped a ſort of (*b*) idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the higheſt parts of the houſe, on an altar erected about three foot: he was shewn in the

(*a*) This is an occaſional ſatyr upon dreſs and fashion in order to introduce what follows.

(*b*) By this idol is meant taylor.

poſture of a Perſian emperor, ſitting on a ſuperficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a gooſe for his enſign; whence it is, that ſome learned men pretend to deduce his original from *Jupiter Capitolinus*. At his left-hand, beneath the altar, hell ſeemed to open, and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his prieſts hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed maſs, or ſubſtance, and ſometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulph inſatiably ſwallowed, terrible to behold. The gooſe was alſo held a ſubaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*, before whoſe ſhrine was ſacrificed that creature, whoſe hourly food is human gore, and who is in ſo great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the (*a*) Ægyptian Cercopithecus. Millions of theſe animals were cruelly ſlaughtered every day to appeaſe the hunger of that conſuming deity. The chief idol was alſo worshipped as the inventor of the yard and needle, whether as the god of ſeamen, or on account of certain other myſtical attributes, hath not been ſufficiently cleared.

THE worshippers of this deity had alſo a ſyſtem of their belief, which ſeemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held

(*a*) The Ægyptians worshipped a monkey, which animal is very fond of eating lice, ſtyled here creatures that feed on human gore.

the univerſe to be a large ſuit of cloaths, which inveſts every thing: that the earth is inveſted by the air; the air is inveſted by the ſtars; and the ſtars are inveſted by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very compleat and faſhionable dreſs. What is that which ſome call land, but a fine coat faced with green? or the ſea, but a waiſtcoat of water-tabby? proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman nature hath been to trim up the vegetable beaux: obſerve how ſparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white ſatin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himſelf but a (*a*) micro-coat, or rather a compleat ſuit of cloaths with all its trimmings? as to his body there can be no diſpute: but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furniſhing out an exact dreſs: to inſtance no more; is not religion a cloak, honeſty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, ſelf-love a ſurtout, vanity a shirt, and conſcience a pair of breeches, which, though a cover for lewdneſs as well as naſtineſs, is eaſily ſlipt down for the ſervice of both?

THESE *poſtulata* being admitted, it will

(*a*) Alluding to the word microcoſm, or a little world, as man hath been called by philoſophers.

follow in due courſe of reaſoning, that thoſe beings, which the world calls improperly ſuits of cloaths, are in reality the moſt refined ſpecies of animals; or to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For, is it not manifeſt, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding their inſeparable proprieties? in ſhort we ſee nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they, who walk the ſtreets, fill up parliament—, coffee—, play—, bawdy-houſes? It is true indeed, that theſe animals, which are vulgarly called ſuits of cloaths, or dreſſes, do according to certain compoſitions receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horſe, it is called a lord-mayor: if certain ermins and furrs be placed in a certain poſition, we ſtyle them a judge; and ſo an apt conjunction of lawn and black ſatin we intitle a bishop.

OTHERS of theſe profeſſors, though agreeing in the main ſyſtem, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two dreſſes, the natural and celeſtial ſuit, which were the body and the ſoul: that the ſoul was the outward and the body the inward cloathing; that the latter was *ex traduce*; but the

former of daily creation and circumfuſion; this laſt they proved by ſcripture, becauſe, in them we live, and move, and have our being: as likewiſe by philoſophy, becauſe they are all in all, and all in every part. Beſides, ſaid they, ſeparate theſe two, and you will find the body to be only a ſenſeleſs unſavoury carcaſs. By all which it is manifeſt, that the outward dreſs muſt needs be the ſoul.

To this ſyſtem of religion, were tagged ſeveral ſubaltern (*a*) doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue; as particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner: embroidery, was sheer wit; gold fringe, was agreeable converſation; gold lace, was repartee;

(*a*) The firſt part of the Tale is the hiſtory of Peter; thereby popery is expoſed: every body knows the papiſts have made great additions to chriſtianity, that indeed is the great exception which the church of England makes againſt them; accordingly Peter begins his pranks with adding a shoulderknot to his coat. W. Wotton.

His deſcription of the cloth, of which the coat was made, has a farther meaning than the words may ſeem to import: « The coats their father had » left them, were of very good cloth, and beſides, » ſo neatly ſown, you would ſwear they were all » of a piece; but at the ſame time very plain, with » little or no ornament ». This is the diſtinguiſhing character of the chriſtian religion: *chriſtiana religio abſoluta & ſimplex*, was Ammianus Marcellinus's deſcription of it, who was himſelf a heathen. W. Wotton.

a huge long periwig, was humour; and a coat full of powder, was very good raillery: all which required abundance of *fineſſe* and *delicateſſe* to manage with advantage, as well as a ſtrict obſervance after times and fashions.

I HAVE, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors this short ſummary of a body of philoſophy and divinity, which ſeems to have been compoſed by a vein and race of thinking, very different from any other ſyſtems either ancient or modern. And it was not meerly to entertain or ſatisfy the reader's curioſity, but rather to give him light into ſeveral circumſtances of the following ſtory; that, knowing the ſtate of diſpoſitions and opinions in an age ſo remote, he may better comprehend thoſe great events, which were the iſſue of them. I adviſe therefore the courteous reader to peruſe with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And leaving theſe broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my ſtory, and proceed.

THESE opinions therefore were ſo univerſal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumſtances then ſtood, were ſtrangely at a loſs. For, on the one ſide, the three ladies they addreſſed themſelves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the faſhi-

on, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other ſide, their father's will was very preciſe, and it was the main precept in it, with the greateſt penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminiſh from their coats one thread without a poſitive command in the will. Now the coats their father had left them, were, 'tis true, of very good cloth, and beſides, ſo neatly ſown, you would ſwear they were all of a piece; but at the ſame time very plain, and with little or no ornament: and it happened, that before they were a month in town, great (*a*) ſhoulder-knots came up: ſtrait all the world was ſhoulder-knots; no approaching the ladies *ruelles* without the quota of ſhoulder-knots. That fellow, cries one, has no ſoul; where is his ſhoulder-knots. Our three brethren ſoon diſcovered their want by ſad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the play-houſe, the door-keeper ſhewed them into the twelve penny gallery. If they called a boat, ſays a waterman, I am firſt ſculler. If they ſtepped to the roſe to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, Friend, we ſell no ale. If they went to viſit a lady, a footman met them

(*a*) By this is underſtood the firſt introducing of pageantry, and unneceſſary ornaments in the church, ſuch as were neither for convenience nor edification, as a ſhoulder-knot, in which there is neither ſymmetry nor uſe.

at the door, with: Pray, ſend up your meſſage. In this unhappy caſe they went immediately to conſult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot: what should they do? what temper should they find? obedience was abſolutely neceſſary, and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requiſite. After much thought, one of the brothers, who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, ſaid, he had found an expedient. It is true, ſaid he, there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis*, making mention of shoulder-knots: but I dare conjecture, we may find them incluſive, or, *totidem ſyllabis*. This diſtinction was immediately approved by all; and ſo they fell again to examine; but their evil ſtar had ſo directed the matter, that the firſt ſyllable was not to be found in the whole writings. Upon which diſappointment he, who found the former evaſion, took heart, and ſaid, Brothers, there is yet hopes; for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis*, nor *totidem ſyllabis*, I dare engage we shall make them out *tertio modo*, or *totidem literis*. This diſcovery was alſo highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the ſcrutiny, and picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the ſame planet, enemy to their repoſe, had wonderfully contrived, that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! but the diſtinguishing brother, for whom we shall here-

after find a name, now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument, that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor any where to be found in ancient manuſcripts. *Calendæ* hath in (*a*) Q. V. C. been ſometimes written with a K, but erroneouſly; for in the beſt copies it has been ever ſpelt with a C. And by conſequence it was a groſs miſtake in our language to ſpell knot with a K; but that from henceforward, he would take care it ſhould be written with a C. Upon this all farther difficulty vaniſhed; ſhoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*; and our three gentlemen ſwaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the beſt.

BUT, as human happineſs is of a very ſhort duration, ſo in thoſe days were human faſhions, upon which it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time, and we muſt now imagine them in their decline; for a certain lord came juſt from Paris with fifty yards of gold-lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court-faſhion of that month. In two days all mankind appeared cloſed up in bars of (*b*)

(*a*) *Quibuſdam veteribus codicibus.* Some ancient manuſcripts.

(*b*) I cannot tell whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting ſcripture.

gold-lace: whoever durſt peep abroad without his complement of gold-lace, was as ſcandalous as a—and as ill received among the women: what should our three knights do in this momentous affair? they had ſufficiently ſtrained a point already in the affair of shoulder-knots: upon recourſe to the will, nothing appeared there, but *altum ſilentium*. That of the shoulder-knots: was a looſe, flying, circumſtantial point; but this of gold-lace ſeemed too conſiderable an alteration without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo eſſentiæ adhærere*, and therefore required a poſitive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforeſaid, had read *Ariſtotelis dialectica*, and eſpecially that wonderful piece *de interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in every thing but itſelf; like commentators on the revelations, who proceed prophets without underſtanding a ſyllable of the text. Brothers, ſaid he, you are to be informed, that of wills *duo ſunt genera* (*a*), nuncupatory and ſcriptory; that in the ſcriptory will here before us, there is no precept or mention about gold-lace, *conceditur*: but, *ſi idem affirmetur de nuncupatoria, negatur*. For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow ſay, when we were boys, that he

(*a*) By this is meant tradition, allowed to have equal autority with the ſcripture, or rather greater.

heard my father's man ſay, that he heard my father ſay, that he would adviſe his ſons to get gold-lace on their coats, as ſoon as ever they could procure money to buy it. (*a*) By G— that is very true, cries the other; I remember it perfectly well, ſaid the third. And ſo without more ado they got the largeſt gold-lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A WHILE after there came up all in fashion a pretty ſort of (*b*) flame-coloured ſatin for

(*a*) When the papiſts cannot find any thing which they want in ſcripture, they go to oral tradition: Thus Peter is introduced diſſatisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the letters of any word, which he has occaſion for in the will; when neither the conſtituent ſyllables, nor much leſs the whole word, were there *in terminis*. W. Wotton.

(*b*) This is purgatory, whereof he ſpeaks more particularly hereafter; but here, only to shew how ſcripture was perverted to prove it, which was done, by giving equal authority with the canon to apocrypha, called here a codicil annexed.

IT is likely the author, in every one of theſe changes in the brothers dreſſes, refers to ſome particular error in the church of Rome, though it is not eaſy, I think, to apply them all: but by this of flame-coloured ſatin, is manifeſtly intended purgatory; by gold-lace may perhaps be underſtood, the lofty ornaments and plate in the churches; the shoulder-knots and ſilver fringe are not ſo obvious, at leaſt to me; but the Indian figures of men, women, and children, plainly relate

linings; and the mercer brought a patern of it immediately to our three gentlemen: An pleaſe your worships, ſaid he, my lord C—, and ſir J. W. had linings out of this very piece laſt night; it takes wonderfully, and I ſhall not have a remnant left, enough to make my wife a pin-cushion, by to-morrow morning at ten a clock. Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, becauſe the preſent caſe alſo required a poſitive precept, the lining being held by ortodox writers to be of the eſſence of the coat. After long ſearch they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father in the will (*a*) to take care of fire, and put out their candles before they went to ſleep. This, though a good deal for the purpoſe, and helping very far towards ſelf-conviction, yet not ſeeming wholly of force to eſtablish a command; (being reſolved to avoid farther ſcruple, as well as future occaſion for ſcandal,) ſays he that was the ſcholar, I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains hath equal authority with the reſt. Now, I have been conſidering of this ſame will here before us,

to the pictures in the Romish churches, of God like an old man, of the virgin Mary, and our Saviour as a child.

(*a*) That is, to take care of hell; and, in order to do that, to ſubdue and extinguish their luſts.

and I cannot reckon it to be compleat for want of ſuch a codicil: I will therefore faſten one in its proper place very dextrouſly; I have had it by me ſome time; it was written by a dog-keeper of (*a*) my grand-father's, and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured ſatin. The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment ſcrowl was tagged on according to art in the form of a codicil annexed, and the ſatin bought and worn.

NEXT winter a player, hired for the purpoſe by the corporation of fringe-makers, acted his part in a new comedy all covered with (*b*) ſilver fringe, and according to the laudable cuſtom gave riſe to that faſhion. Upon which the brothers conſulting their father's will, to their great aſtoniſhment found theſe words; *item*, I charge and command my ſaid three ſons to wear no ſort of ſilver fringe upon or about their ſaid coats, &c. with a penalty, in caſe of diſobedience, too long here to inſert. However, after ſome pauſe the brother ſo often mentioned for his erudition, who was well ſkilled in criticiſms, had found in a certain author, which he ſaid

(*a*) I believe this refers to that part of the apocrypha, where mention is made of Tobit and his dog.

(*b*) This is certainly the farther introducing the pomps of habit and ornament.

ſhould be nameleſs, that the ſame word, which in the will is called fringe, does alſo ſignify a broom-ſtick (*a*): and doubtleſs ought to have the ſame interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers diſliked, becauſe of that epithet ſilver, which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of ſpeech be reaſonably applied to a broom-ſtick: but it was replied upon him, that this epithet was underſtood in a mythological and allegorical ſenſe. However, he objected again, why their father ſhould forbid them to wear a broom-ſtick on their coats, a caution that ſeemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up ſhort, as one that ſpoke irreverently of a myſtery, which doubtleſs was very uſeful and ſignificant, but ought not to be over-curiouſly pried into, or nicely reaſoned upon. And in ſhort, their father's authority being now conſiderably ſunk, this expedient was allowed to ſerve as a lawful diſpenſation for wearing their full proportion of ſilver fringe.

A WHILE after was revived an old faſhion, long antiquated, of embroidery with (*b*) In-

(*a*) The next ſubject of our author's wit, is the gloſſes and interpretations of ſcripture, very many abſurd ones of which are allowed in the moſt authentic books of the church of Rome. W. Wotton.

(*b*) The images of ſaints, the bleſſed virgin, and our Saviour an infant.

dian figures of men, women, and children. Here they remembered but too well, how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made ſeveral paragraphs on purpoſe, impoſing his utter deteſtation of it, and beſtowing his everlaſting curſe to his ſons, whenever they ſhould bear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than any body elſe in the town. But they ſolved the matter by ſaying, that theſe figures were not at all the ſame with thoſe, that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Beſides, they did not wear them in the ſenſe, as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable cuſtom, and of great uſe to the publick. That theſe rigorous clauſes in the will did therefore require ſome allowance, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be underſtood *cum grano ſalis*.

BUT fashions perpetually altering in that age, the ſcholaſtic brother grew weary of ſearching farther evaſions, and ſolving everlaſting contradictions. Reſolved therefore at all hazards to comply with the modes of the world; they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimouſly to (*a*) lock up their fa-

Ibid. Images in the church of Rome give him but too fair a handle: the brothers remembered, &c. The allegory here is direct. W. Wotton.

(*a*) The papiſts formerly forbad the people the uſe of ſcripture in a vulgar tongue. Peter therefore

ther's will in a ſtrong box, brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgotten which, and trouble themſelves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In conſequence whereof, a while after it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of points, moſt of them tagged with ſilver: upon which, the ſcholar pronounced (a) *ex cathedra*, that points were abſolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. It is true indeed, the fashion preſcribed ſomewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauſes for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will, or elſe *multa abſurda ſequerentur*. This was underſtood for canonical, and therefore on the following

looks up his father's will in a ſtrong box, brought out of Greece or Italy: theſe countries are named, becauſe the New Teſtament is written in Greek; and the vulgar Latin, which is the authentic edition of the bible in the church of Rome, is in the language of old Italy. W. Wotton.

(a) The popes, in their decretals and bulls, have given their ſanction to very many gainful doctrines, which are now received in the church of Rome, that are not mentioned in ſcripture, and are unknown to the primitive church: Peter, accordingly, pronounces *ex cathedrâ*, that points tagged with ſilver were abſolutely *jure paterno*; and ſo they wore them in great numbers. W. Wotton.

Sunday

Sunday they came to church all covered with points.

THE learned brother ſo often mentioned was reckoned the beſt ſcholar in all that, or the next ſtreet to it; inſomuch as, having run ſomething behind-hand in the world, he obtained the favour of a (*a*) certain lord, to receive him into his houſe, and to teach his children. A while after the lord died, and he, by long practice of his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance of that houſe to himſelf, and his heirs: upon which he took poſſeſſion, turned the young ſquires out, and received his brothers in their ſtead (*b*).

(*a*) This was Conſtantine the Great, from whom the popes pretend a donation of St. Peter's patrimony, which they have been never able to produce.

(*b*) *Ibid.* The bishops of Rome enjoyed their privileges in Rome at firſt by the favour of emperors, whom at laſt they shut out of their own capital city, and then forged a donation from Conſtantine the Great, the better to juſtify what they did. In imitation of this, « Peter, having run ſomething behind-» hand in the world, obtained leave of a certain » lord, &c. W. Wotton ».

SECT. III.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICKS.

ALTHOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occaſions, moſt nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illuſtrious moderns; yet has the unhappy ſhortneſs of my memory led me into an error, from which I muſt extricate myſelf, before I can decently purſue my principal ſubject. I confeſs with ſhame, it was an unpardonable omiſſion to proceed ſo far as I have already done, before I had performed the due diſcourſes, expoſtulatory, ſupplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords, the criticks. Towards ſome atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to preſent them with a ſhort account of themſelves and their art, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally underſtood among us, and very briefly conſidering the ancient and preſent ſtate thereof.

BY the word critick, at this day ſo frequent in all converſations, there have ſometimes been diſtinguished three very different ſpecies of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For firſt by this term was underſtood ſuch perſons as invented or drew up rules for themſelves and the world,

by obſerving which a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, form his taſte to a true relish of the ſublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter or of ſtyle from the corruption that apes it: in their common peruſal of books, ſingling out the errors and defects, the nauſeous, the fulſome, the dull and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edimborough ſtreets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently, and ſpy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to obſerve the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimenſions, much leſs to be paddling in, or taſting it; but only with a deſign to come out as cleanly as he may. Theſe men ſeem, though very erroneouſly, to have underſtood the appellation of critick in a literal ſenſe; that one principal part of his office was to praiſe and acquit; and that a critick, who ſets up to read only for an occaſion of cenſure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge, who ſhould take up a reſolution to hang all men, that came before him upon a trial.

AGAIN, by the word critick have been meant, the reſtorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and duſt of manuſcripts.

NOW the races of thoſe two have been for

ſome ages utterly extinct; and beſides, to diſcourſe any farther of them would not be at all to my purpoſe.

THE third, and nobleſt ſort is that of the TRUE CRITICK, whoſe original is the moſt ancient of all. Every true critick is a hero born, deſcending in a direct line from a celeſtial ſtem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat *Etcætera* the elder, who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat *Etcætera* the younger.

AND theſe are the criticks, from whom the common-wealth of learning has in all ages received ſuch immenſe benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origine in heaven, among thoſe of Hercules, Theſeus, Perſeus, and other great deſervers of mankind. But heroic virtue itſelf hath not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected, that thoſe ancient heroes, famous for their combating ſo many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own perſons a greater nuiſance to mankind, than any of thoſe monſters they ſubdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more compleat, when all other vermin were deſtroyed, ſhould in conſcience have concluded with the ſame juſtice upon themſelves. Hercules moſt generouſly did, and hath upon that ſcore procured to himſelf more temples and votaries,

than the beſt of his fellows. For theſe reaſons, I ſuppoſe, it is, why ſome have conceived, it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every true critick, as ſoon as he had finished his task aſſigned, should immediately deliver himſelf up to ratsbane, or hemp, or from ſome convenient altitude; and that no man's pretenſions to ſo illuſtrious a character should by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly deſcent of criticiſm, and the cloſe analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is eaſy to aſſign the proper employment of a true ancient genuine critick; which is, to travel through this vaſt world of writings; to purſue and hunt thoſe monſtrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dung: or elſe drive away a ſort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverſe inclination to plunder the beſt branches of the tree of knowledge, like thoſe Stymphalian birds that eat up the fruit.

These reaſonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true critick; that, he is diſcoverer and collector of writers faults; which may be farther put beyond diſpute by the following demonſtration: that whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient ſect has honoured the world,

shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenour of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether converſant, and taken up with the faults, and blemiſhes, and overſights, and miſtakes of other writers; and, let the ſubject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are ſo entirely poſſeſſed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quinteſſence of what is bad does of neceſſity diſtil into their own; by which means the whole appears to be nothing elſe but an abſtract of the criticiſms themſelves have made.

HAVING thus briefly conſidered the original and office of a critick, as the word is underſtood in its moſt noble and univerſal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of thoſe, who argue from the ſilence and pretermiſſion of authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of criticiſm as now exerciſed, and by me explained, is wholly modern; and conſequently, that the criticks of Great-Britain and France have no title to an original ſo ancient and illuſtrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out on the contrary, that the ancient writers have particularly deſcribed both the perſon and the office of a true critick, agreeable to the definition laid down by me; their grand objection, from the ſilence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I CONFESS to have for a long time born a part in this general error; from which I should never have acquitted myſelf, but through the aſſiſtance of our noble moderns; whoſe moſt edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country: theſe have with unwearied pains made many uſeful ſearches into the weak ſides of the ancients, and given us a comprehenſive liſt of them. Beſides (*a*), they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very fineſt things delivered of old, have been long ſince invented, and brought to light by much later pens; and that the nobleſt diſcoveries thoſe ancients ever made of art or nature, have all been produced by the tranſcending genius of the preſent age. Which clearly ſhews, how little merit thoſe ancients can juſtly pretend to; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappineſs of converſing too little with preſent things. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compaſs of human nature, I eaſily concluded, that theſe ancients, highly ſenſible of their many imperfections, muſt needs have endeavoured from ſome paſſages in their works to obviate, ſoften, or divert the cenſorious reader, by ſatyr, or panegyrick upon the criticks, in imitation of their maſters, the mo-

(*a*) See Wotton of ancient and modern learning.

derns. Now, in the common places of (*a*) both theſe, I was plentifully inſtructed, by a long courſe of uſeful ſtudy in prefaces and prologues; and therefore immediately reſolved to try what I could diſcover of either by a diligent peruſal of the moſt ancient writers, and eſpecially thoſe who treated of the earlieſt times. Here I found to my great ſurprize, that although they all entered, upon occaſion, into particular deſcriptions of the true critick, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than mythology and hieroglyphick. This, I ſuppoſe, gave ground to ſuperficial readers for urging the ſilence of authors againſt the antiquity of the true critick, though the types are ſo appoſite, and the applications ſo neceſſary and natural, that it is not eaſy to conceive, how any reader of a modern eye and taſte could overlook them. I ſhall venture from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this queſtion beyond diſpute.

It well deſerves conſidering, that theſe ancient writers, intreating ænigmatically upon the ſubject, have generally fixed upon the very ſame hieroglyph, varying only the ſtory, according to their affections, or their wit. For firſt; Pauſanias is of opinion, that the

(*a*) Satyr, and panegyrick upon criticks.

perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the inſtitution of criticks; and, that he can poſſibly mean no other than the true critick, is, I think, manifeſt enough from the following deſcription. He ſays, « they » were a race of men, who delighted to nib- » ble at the ſuperfluities, and excreſcencies of » books; which the learned at length obſerv- » ing, took warning of their own accord » to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, » the ſapleſs, and the overgrown branches » from their works ». But now, all this he cunningly ſhades under the following allegory; « that the (*a*) Nauplians in Argos learned the » art of pruning their vines by obſerving, » that, when an ASS had browſed upon » one of them, it thrived the better, and bore » fairer fruit ». But (*b*) Herodotus, holding the very ſame hieroglyph, ſpeaks much plainer, and almoſt *in terminis*. He hath been ſo bold as to tax the true criticks of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that in the weſtern part of Libya there were ASSES with horns: upon which relation (*c*) Cteſias yet refines, mentioning the very ſame animal about India, adding, » that whereas all other ASSES

(*a*) Lib. —

(*b*) Lib 4.

(*c*) *Vide* excerpta ex eo apud Photium.

» wanted a gall, theſe horned ones were ſo » redundant in that part, that their flesh was » not to be eaten, becauſe of its extreme bit- » terneſs. »

Now, the reaſon why thoſe ancient writers treated this ſubject only by types and figures, was, becauſe they durſt not make open attacks againſt a party ſo potent and terrible, as the criticks of thoſe ages were; whoſe very voice was ſo dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the ſound; for ſo Herodotus tells us expreſſly in another (*a*) place, how a vaſt army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ASS. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound philologers, that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critick by the writers of Britain have been derived to us from thoſe our Scythian anceſtors. In ſhort, this dread was ſo univerſal, that in proceſs of time thoſe authors, who had a mind to publish their ſentiments more freely, in deſcribing the true criticks of their ſeveral ages, were forced to leave off the uſe of the former hieroglyph, as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms inſtead thereof, that were more cautious and myſtical: ſo (*b*) Diodorus,

(*a*) Lib. 4.

(*b*) Lib. —

ſpeaking to the ſame purpoſe, ventures no farther, than to ſay, that in the mountains of Helicon, « there grows a certain weed, » which bears a flower of ſo damned a ſcent, » as to poiſon thoſe who offer to ſmell it ». Lucretius gives exactly the ſame relation;

* *Eſt etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,*
Floris odore hominem tetro conſueta necare.
Lib. 6.

But Cteſias, whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder; he had been uſed with much ſeverity by the true criticks of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at leaſt, one deep mark of his vengeance againſt the whole tribe. His meaning is ſo near the ſurface, that I wonder how it poſſibly came to be overlooked by thoſe, who deny the antiquity of the true criticks. For, pretending to make a deſcription of many ſtrange animals about India, he hath ſet down theſe remarkable words: « amongſt the reſt, ſays he, » there is a ſerpent that wants teeth, and conſequently cannot bite; but if its vomit, to » which it is much addicted, happens to fall » upon any thing, a certain rotteneſs or cor» ruption enſues: theſe ſerpents are generally

* Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grow trees, whoſe bloſſoms with their odour kill.

» found among the mountains, where jewels » grow, and they frequently emit a poi- » ſonous juice; whereof whoever drinks, » that perſon's brains fly out of his noſtrils ».

THERE was alſo among the ancients a ſort of criticks, not diſtinguished *in ſpecie* from the former, but in growth or degree, who ſeem to have been only the *tiro*'s or *junior* ſcholars; yet, becauſe of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a ſect by themſelves. The uſual exerciſe of theſe younger ſtudents was to attend conſtantly at theatres, and learn to ſpy out the worſt parts of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed at theſe ſmaller ſports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and ſtrong enough for hunting down large game. For it hath been obſerved, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critick hath one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature; that a grey critick has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like hemp, which ſome naturaliſts inform us is bad for ſuffocations, though taken but in the ſeed. I eſteem the invention, or at leaſt the refinement of prologues to have been owing to theſe younger proficients, of whom Te-

rence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *Malevoli*.

Now, it is certain, the inſtitution of the true criticks was of abſolute neceſſity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions ſeem to be divided, like Themiſtocles and his company; one man can fiddle, and another can make a ſmall town a great city; and he, that cannot do either one or the other, deſerves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty has doubtleſs given the firſt birth to the nation of criticks, and withal, an occaſion for their ſecret detractors to report, that a true critick is a ſort of mechanick, ſet up with a ſtock and tools for his trade at as little expence as a taylor; and that there is much analogy between the utenſils and abilities of both: that the taylor's hell is the type of a critick's common-place-book, and his wit and learning held forth by the gooſe: that it requires at leaſt as many of theſe to the making up of one ſcholar, as of the others to the compoſition of a man: that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near of a ſize. Much may be ſaid in anſwer to thoſe invidious reflections; and I can poſitively affirm the firſt to be a falſhood: for on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out, to be free of the critick's company, than of any other you can name.

For, as to be a true beggar, it will coſt the richeſt candidate every groat he is worth; ſo, before one can commence a true critick, it will coſt a man all the good qualities of his mind; which perhaps for a leſs purchaſe would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

HAVING thus amply proved the antiquity of criticiſm, and deſcribed the primitive ſtate of it; I ſhall now examine the preſent condition of this empire, and ſhew how well it agrees with its ancient ſelf. (*a*) A certain author, whoſe works have many ages ſince been entirely loſt, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, ſay of criticks, that their writings are the mirrors of learning. This I underſtand in a literal ſenſe, and ſuppoſe our author muſt mean, that whoever deſigns to be a perfect writer, muſt inſpect into the books of criticks, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever conſiders, that the mirrors of the ancients were made of braſs and *ſine mercurio*, may preſently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critick, and conſequently muſt needs conclude, that theſe have always been, and muſt be for ever the ſame. For, braſs is an emblem of duration; and, when it is skilfully burniſhed, will caſt reflections from its own ſuperficies without any aſſiſtance of

(*a*) A quotation after the manner of a great author. *Vide* Bentley's diſſertation, &c.

mercury from behind. All the other talents of a critick will not require a particular mention, being included, or eaſily reducible to theſe. However, I ſhall conclude with three maxims, which may ſerve both as characteriſticks to diſtinguish a true modern critick from a pretender, and will be alſo of admirable uſe to thoſe worthy ſpirits, who engage in ſo uſeful and honourable an art.

THE firſt is, that criticiſm, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the trueſt and beſt, when it is the very firſt reſult of the critick's mind: as fowlers reckon the firſt aim for the ſureſt, and ſeldom fail of miſſing the mark, if they ſtay for a ſecond.

SECONDLY, the true criticks are known by their talent of ſwarming about the nobleſt writers, to which they are carried meerly by inſtinct, as a rat to the beſt cheeſe, or a waſp to the faireſt fruit. So, when the king is on horſeback, he is ſure to be the dirtieſt perſon of the company; and they that make their court beſt, are ſuch as beſpatter him moſt.

LASTLY, a true critick in the peruſal of a book is like a dog at a feaſt, whoſe thoughts and ſtomach are wholly ſet upon what gueſts fling away, and conſequently is apt to ſnarl moſt, when there are the feweſt bones.

THUS much, I think, is ſufficient to ſerve by way of addreſs to my patrons, the true modern criticks, and may very well atone for my paſt ſilence, as well as that which I am like to obſerve for the future. I hope I have deſerved ſo well of their whole body, as to meet with generous and tender uſage from their hands. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to purſue thoſe adventures already ſo happily begun.

SECT. IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I HAVE now with much pains and ſtudy conducted the reader to a period, where he muſt expect to hear of great revolutions. For no ſooner had our learned brother, ſo often mentioned, got a warm houſe of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him: inſomuch that, unleſs the gentle reader out of his great candour will pleaſe a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play, when he happens to meet him; his part, his dreſs, and his mien being ſo much altered.

HE told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and conſequently his father's ſole heir; nay, a while after he would not allow them to call him brother, but Mr. PETER; and then he muſt be ſtyled Father Peter; and ſometimes, my lord PETER. To ſupport this grandeur, which he ſoon began to conſider could not be maintained without a better *fonde*, than what he was born to; after much thought, he caſt about at laſt to turn projector and virtuoſo, wherein he ſo well ſucceeded, that many famous diſcoveries, projects and machines, which bear great vogue

and practice at preſent in the world, are owing entirely to lord PETER's invention. I will deduce the beſt account I have been able to collect of the chief amongſt them, without conſidering much the order they came out in; becauſe, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I HOPE, when this treatiſe of mine ſhall be tranſlated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting, the faithfulneſs in recounting, and the great uſefulneſs of the matter to the publick, will amply deſerve that juſtice) that the worthy members of the ſeveral academies abroad, eſpecially thoſe of France and Italy, will favourably accept theſe humble offers for the advancement of univerſal knowledge. I do alſo advertiſe the moſt reverend fathers, the Eaſtern miſſionaries, that I have, purely for their ſakes, made uſe of ſuch words and phraſes, as will beſt admit an eaſy turn into any of the Oriental languages, eſpecially the Chineſe. And ſo I proceed with great content of mind upon reflecting, how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is like to reap by my labours.

THE firſt undertaking of lord Peter was to purchaſe a (a) large continent, lately ſaid to have been diſcovered in *terra auſtralis incog-*

(a) That is purgatory.

nita. This tract of land he bought at a very great penny-worth from the diſcoverers themſelves (though ſome pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there) and then retailed it into ſeveral cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all ſhipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which lord Peter ſold the ſaid continent to other cuſtomers again, and again, and again, and again with the ſame ſucceſs.

THE ſecond project I ſhall mention, was his *(a)* ſovereign remedy for the worms, eſpecially thoſe in the ſpleen. *(b)* The patient was to eat nothing after ſupper for three nights: as ſoon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one ſide, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other: he muſt alſo duly confine his two eyes to the ſame object; and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifeſt occaſion. Theſe preſcriptions diligently obſerved; the worms would void inſenſibly by perſpiration, aſcending through the brain.

(*a*) Penance and abſolution are plaid upon under the notion of a ſovereign remedy for the worms, eſpecially in the ſpleen, which by obſerving Peter's preſcription would void inſenſibly by perſpiration, aſcending through the brain, &c. W. Wotton.

(*b*) Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of Rome, which may be made as eaſy to the ſinner as he pleaſes, provided he will pay for them accordingly.

A THIRD invention was the erecting of a (*a*) whiſpering-office for the public good and eaſe of all ſuch as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the cholick; as midwives, ſmall politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in deſpair, bawds, privy-counſellors, pages, paraſites and buffoons: in short, of all ſuch as are in danger of burſting with too much wind. An aſs's head was placed ſo conveniently, that the party affected might eaſily with his mouth accoſt either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply cloſe for a certain ſpace, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

ANOTHER very beneficial project of lord Peter's was an (*b*) office of inſurance for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal; volumes of poetry, ſhadows, —— and rivers: that theſe, nor any of theſe, ſhall receive damage by fire. From whence our friendly ſocieties, may plainly find themſelves

(*a*) By his whiſpering-office, for the relief of eves-droppers, phyſicians, bawds, and privy-counſellors, he ridicules auricular confeſſion; and the prieſt who takes it, is deſcribed by the aſs's head. W. Wotton.

(*b*) This I take to be the office of indulgences, the groſs abuſes whereof firſt gave occaſion for the reformation.

to be only tranſcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

LORD PETER was alſo held the original author of (*a*) puppets and raree-ſhows; the great uſefulneſs whereof being ſo generally known, I ſhall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

BUT another diſcovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous univerſal (*b*) pickle. For having remarked how your (*c*) common pickle, in uſe among houſe-wives, was of no farther benefit than to preſerve dead fleſh, and certain kinds of vegetables; Peter, with great coſt as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houſes, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preſerve them as ſound as inſects in amber. Now, this pickle to the taſte, the ſmell, and the ſight, ap-

(*a*) I believe are the monkeries and ridiculous proceſſions, &c. among the papiſts.

(*b*) Holy water, he calls an univerſal pickle, to preſerve houſes, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preſerve them as ſound as inſects in amber. W. Wotton.

(*c*) This is eaſily underſtood to be holy water, compoſed of the ſame ingredients with many other pickles.

peared exactly the ſame, with what is in common ſervice for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great ſucceſs, but for its many ſovereign virtues was a quite different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his (*a*) powder pimperlimpimp, after which it never failed of ſucceſs. The operation was performed by (*b*) ſpargefaction in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be pickled, if it were a houſe, would infallibly be preſerved from all ſpiders, rats and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he ſhould be exempt from mange, and madneſs, and hunger. It alſo infallibly took away all ſcabs and lice, and ſcalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

BUT of all Peter's rarities, he moſt valued a certain ſet of (*c*) bulls, whoſe race was by

(*a*) And becauſe holy water differs only in conſecration from common water, therefore he tells us that his pickle by the powder of pimperlimpimp receives new virtues, though it differs not in ſight nor ſmell from the common pickles, which preſerve beef, and butter, and herrings. W. Wotton.

(*b*) Sprinkling.

(*c*) The papal bulls are ridiculed by name, ſo that here we are at no loſs for the author's meaning. W. Wotton.

great fortune preſerved in a lineal deſcent from thoſe, that guarded the golden-fleece. Though ſome who pretended to obſerve them curiouſly, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaſte; becauſe they had degenerated from their anceſtors in ſome qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchis are recorded to have brazen feet; but whether it happened by ill paſture and running, by an allay from invention of other parents, from ſtolen intrigues; whether a weakneſs in their progenitors had impaired the ſeminal virtue, or by a decline neceſſary through a long courſe of time, the originals of nature being depraved in theſe latter ſinful ages of the world; whatever was the cauſe, it is certain, that lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the ruſt of time in the metal of their feet, which was now ſunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring, peculiar to their lineage, was preſerved; as likewiſe that faculty of breathing out fire from their noſtrils; which notwithſtanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art; to be nothing ſo terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their uſual courſe of diet,

Ibid. Here the author has kept the name, and means the popes's bulls, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes, all ſigned with lead and the ſeal of the fiſherman, and therefore ſaid to have leaden feet and fiſhes tails.

which was of (*a*) ſquibs and crackers. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely diſtinguiſhed them from the bulls of Jaſon, and which I have not met together in the deſcription of any other monſter, beſide that in Horace:

Varias inducere plumas;

and

Atrum deſinit in piſcem.

For theſe had fiſhes tails, yet upon occaſion could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put theſe bulls upon ſeveral employs. Sometimes he would ſet them a roaring to fright (*b*) naughty boys, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would ſend them out upon errands of great importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it. An *appetitus ſenſibilis* deriving itſelf through the whole family from their noble anceſtors, guardians of the golden-fleece, they continued ſo extremely fond of gold, that if Peter ſent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and ſpit, and belch, and piſs, and fart, and ſnivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold;

(*a*) Theſe are the fulminations of the pope, threatening hell and damnation to thoſe princes who offend him.

(*b*) That is, kings who incurred his diſpleaſure.

but

but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by ſecret connivance, or encouragement from their maſter, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a ſort of ſturdy, ſwaggering beggars; and, where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miſcarry, and children fall into fits, who to this very day uſually call ſprights and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars. They grew at laſt ſo very troubleſome to the neighbourhood, that ſome gentlemen of the north-weſt got a parcel of right English bull-dogs, and baited them ſo terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I MUST needs mention one more of lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and diſcovered him to be maſter of a high reach, and profound invention. Whenever it happened, that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain ſum of money, which when the poor caitiff had made all ſhifts to ſcrape up, and ſend, his lordship would return a (*a*) piece of paper in this form.

(*a*) This is a copy of a general pardon, ſigned *ſervus ſervorum.*

Ibid. Abſolution in *articulo mortis*, and the tax *cameræ apoſtolicæ*, are jeſted upon in emperor Peter's letter. W. Wotton.

« TO all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we » are informed, that A. B. remains in the » hands of you, or some of you, under the » sentence of death, we will and command » you upon sight hereof to let the said prisoner » depart to his own habitation, whether he » stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, » sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c. » for which this shall be your sufficient warrant: and if you fail hereof, G—d—mn » you and yours to all eternity. And so we » bid you heartily farewel ».

Your most humble
man's man,
Emperor PETER.

THE wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I DESIRE of those, whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all, who are not *verè adepti*, may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain, that future sons of art will return large thanks to

my memory for ſo grateful, ſo uſeful an *innuendo*.

IT will be no difficult part to perſuade the reader, that ſo many worthy diſcoveries met with great ſucceſs in the world; though I may juſtly aſſure him, that I have related much the ſmalleſt number; my deſign having been only to ſingle out ſuch as will be of moſt benefit for public imitation, or which beſt ſerved to give ſome idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered, if by this time lord Peter was become exceeding rich: but, alas! he had kept his brain ſo long and ſo violently upon the rack, that at laſt it ſhook itſelf, and began to turn round for a little eaſe. In ſhort, what with pride, projects and knavery, poor Peter was grown diſtracted, and conceived the ſtrangeſt imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is uſual with thoſe who run mad out of pride, he would call himſelf (*a*) God Almighty, and ſometimes monarch of the univerſe. I have ſeen him (ſays my author) take three old (*b*) high-crowned hats, and clap them all on his head, three ſtory high, with a huge bunch of (*c*) keys

(*a*) The pope is not only allowed to be the vicar of Chriſt, but by ſeveral divines is called God upon earth, and other blaſphemous titles are given him.

(*b*) The triple crown.

(*c*) The keys of the church. The church is here tak-

at his girdle, and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guiſe, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of ſalutation, Peter with much grace, like a well educated ſpaniel, would preſent them with his (*a*) foot; and if they refuſed his civility, then he would raiſe it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which hath ever ſince been called a ſalute. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful ſtrong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time his affairs at home went upſide down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his firſt (*b*) *boutade* was to kick both their (*c*) wives one morning out of doors, and his own too; and in their ſtead, gave orders to pick up the firſt three ſtrollers could be met with in

en for the gate of heaven; for the keys of heaven are aſſumed by the pope in conſequence of what our Lord ſaid to Peter. I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.

Ibid. The pope's univerſal monarchy, and his triple crown, and fisher's ring. W. Wotton.

(*a*) Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiſs his ſlipper eſcape reflection. Wotton.

(*b*) This word properly ſignifies a ſudden jerk, or laſh of an horſe, when you do not expect it.

(*c*) The celibacy of the Romish clergy is ſtruck at in Peter's beating his own and brothers wives out of doors. W. Wotton.

the ſtreets. A while after he nailed up the cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers (*a*) a drop of drink to their victuals. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter obſerved him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praiſes of his ſirloin of beef. Beef, ſaid the ſage magiſtrate, « is » the king of meat; beef comprehends in it » the quinteſſence of partridge, and quail, » and veniſon, and pheaſant, and plum-pud» ding, and cuſtard ». When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into uſe, and apply the precept, in default of a ſirloin, to his brown loaf: « Bread, ſays he, dear brothers, is the » ſtaff of life; in which bread is contained, » *incluſivè*, the quinteſſence of beef, mutton, » veal, veniſon, partridge, plum-pudding, » and cuſtard: and to render all compleat, » there is intermingled a due quantity of water, » whoſe crudities are alſo corrected by yeaſt » or barm, through which means it becomes » a wholeſome fermented liquor, diffuſed » through the maſs of the bread ». Upon the ſtrength of theſe concluſions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf ſerved up in all the formality of a city feaſt. « Come brothers, » ſaid Peter, fall to, and ſpare not; here is

(*a*) The pope's refuſing the cup to the laity, perſuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and entire body of Chriſt.

» excellent good (*a*) mutton; or hold, now » my hand is in, I will help you ». At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife he carves out two good ſlices of a loaf, and preſents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not ſuddenly entering into lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the myſtery. « My » lord, ſaid he, I doubt, with great ſubmiſ- » ſion, there may be ſome miſtake. — What, » ſays Peter, you are pleaſant; come then, » let us hear this jeſt your head is ſo big with. » — None in the world, my lord; but, unleſs I » am very much deceived, your lordſhip was » pleaſed a while ago to let fall a word about » mutton, and I would be glad to ſee it with » all my heart. — How, ſaid Peter, appear- » ing in great ſurprize, I do not comprehend this at all ». Upon which, the younger interpoſing to ſet the buſineſs aright; « My lord, » ſaid he, my brother I ſuppoſe is hungry, » and longs for the mutton your lordſhip hath » promiſed us to dinner. — Pray, ſaid Peter, » take me along with you; either you are » both mad, or diſpoſed to be merrier than » I approve of; if you there do not like your » piece, I will carve you another; though I

(*a*) *Tranſubſtantiation.* Peter turns his bread into mutton, and, according to the popiſh doctrine of concomitants, his wine too, which in his way he calls palming his damned cruſts upon the brothers for mutton. W. Wotton.

» should take that to be the choice bit of the » whole shoulder. — What then, my lord, » replied the firſt, it ſeems this is a shoulder of » mutton all this while. — Pray, ſir, ſays Peter, » eat your victuals, and leave off your imper- » tinence, if you pleaſe, for I am not diſpoſed » to relish it at preſent »: but the other could not forbear, being over provoked at the affect- ed ſeriouſneſs of Peter's countenance: « By » G —, my lord, ſaid he, I can only ſay, » that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and » noſe, it ſeems to be nothing but a cruſt of » bread ». Upon which the ſecond put in his word: « I never ſaw a piece of mutton in my » life ſo nearly reſembling a ſlice from a » twelve-penny loaf. — Look ye, gentlemen, » cries Peter in a rage, to convince you, what » a couple of blind, poſitive, ignorant, wil- » ful puppies you are, I will uſe but this plain » argument; by G —, it is true, good, na- » tural mutton as any in Leadenhall market; » and G — confound you both eternally, if » you offer to believe otherwiſe ». Such a thundering proof as this left no further room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their miſtake as haſtily as they could. « Why, truly, ſaid the firſt, » upon more mature conſideration — Ay, » ſays the other interrupting him, now I have » thought better on the thing, your lordſhip » ſeems to have a great deal of reaſon. — Very » well, ſaid Peter; here, boy, fill me a beer-

» glaſs of claret; here's to you both with all » my heart ». The two brethren, much delighted to ſee him ſo readily appeaſed, returned their moſt humble thanks, and ſaid, they would be glad to pledge his lordship. « That » you shall, ſaid Peter; I am not a perſon to » refuſe you any thing that is reaſonable; » wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here » is a glaſs a piece for you; it is true natural » juice from the grape, none of your damned » vintners brewings ». Having ſpoke thus, he preſented to each of them another large dry cruſt, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the uſual office in ſuch delicate conjunctures, of ſtaring a ſufficient period at lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were like to go, reſolved not to enter on a new diſpute, but let him carry the point as he pleaſed: for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expoſtulate further would only ſerve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I HAVE choſen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumſtances, becauſe it gave a principal occaſion to that great and famous (*a*) rupture, which happened about the ſame time among theſe brethren, and was never after-

(*a*) By this rupture is meant the reformation.

wards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another ſection.

HOWEVER it is certain, that lord Peter even in his lucid intervals was very lewdly given in his common converſation, extreme wilful and poſitive, and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow himſelf once to be in an error. Beſides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lyes upon all occaſions; and not only ſwearing to the truth, but curſing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the leaſt ſcruple of believing him. One time he ſwore he had a (*a*) cow at home, which gave as much milk at a meal, as would fill three thouſand churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn ſour. Another time he was telling of an old (*b*) ſign-poſt, that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough in it to build ſixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chineſe waggons, which were made ſo light as to ſail over mountains: « Z—ds, ſaid Peter, where's the

(*a*) The ridiculous multiplying of the virgin Mary's milk amongſt the papiſts, under the allegory of a cow, which gave as much milk at a meal, as would fill three thouſand churches. W. Wotton.

(*b*) By this ſign-poſt is meant the croſs of our bleſſed Saviour; and, if all the wood, that is ſhewn for parts of it, was collected, the quantity would ſufficiently juſtify this ſarcaſm.

» wonder of that? by G—, I ſaw a (*a*) large » houſe of lime and ſtone travel over ſea and » land, granting that it ſtopped ſometimes to » bait, above two thouſand German leagues ». And that which was the good of it, he would ſwear deſperately all the while, that he never told a lye in his life; and at every word; « by G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but » the truth; and the D—I broil them eternally, » that will not believe me ».

IN SHORT, Peter grew ſo ſcandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to ſay, he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill uſage, reſolved at laſt to leave him; but firſt, they humbly deſired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Inſtead of granting this requeſt, he called them damned ſons of whores, rogues, traitors, and the reſt of the vile names he could muſter up. However, while he was

(*a*) The chapel of Loretto. He falls here only upon the ridiculous inventions of popery: the church of Rome intended by theſe things to gull ſilly, ſuperſtitious people, and rook them of their money; the world had been too long in ſlavery, our anceſtors glorioufly redeemed us from that yoke. The church of Rome therefore ought to be expoſed, and he deſerves well of mankind that does expoſe it. W. Wotton.

Ibid. The chapel of Loretto, which travelled from the Holy Land to Italy.

abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngſters watched their opportunity, made a ſhift to come at the will (*a*), and took a *copia vera*; by which they preſently ſaw how groſly they had been abuſed; their father having left them equal heirs, and ſtrictly commanded, that whatever they got ſhould lie in common among them all. Purſuant to which their next enterprize was to break open the cellar door, and get a little good (*b*) drink to ſpirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the will they had met another precept againſt whoring, divorce, and ſeparate maintenance; upon which their next (*c*) work was to diſcard their concubines, and ſend for their wives. Whilſt all this was in agitation, there enters a ſollicitor from Newgate, deſiring lord Peter would pleaſe to procure a pardon for a thief, that was to be hanged to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb to ſeek pardons from a fellow, who deſerved to be hanged much better than his client; and diſcovered all the method of that impoſture, in the ſame form I delivered it a while ago, adviſing the ſollicitor to put his friend upon

(*a*) Tranſlated the ſcriptures into the vulgar tongues.

(*b*) Adminiſtered the cup to the laity at the communion.

(*c*) Allowed the marriages of prieſts.

obtaining (*a*) a pardon from the king. In the midſt of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of (*b*) dragoons at his heels, and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after ſeveral millions of ſcurrilities and curſes not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicks (*c*) them both out of doors, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

(*a*) Directed penitents not to truſt to pardons and abſolutions procured for money, but ſent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remiſſion is to be obtained.

(*b*) By Peter's dragoons is meant the civil power, which thoſe princes, who were bigotted to the Romiſh ſuperſtition, employed againſt the reformers.

(*c*) The pope ſhuts all who diſſent from him out of the church.

SECT. V.

A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.

WE, whom the world is pleaſed to honour with the title of modern authors, ſhould never have been able to compaſs our great deſign of an everlaſting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been ſo highly ſerviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O univerſe, is the adventurous attempt of me thy ſecretary;

—— Quemvis perferre laborem
Suadet, & inducit noctes vigilare ſerenas.

To this end I have ſome time ſince, with a world of pains and art, diſſected the carcaſs of human nature, and read many uſeful lectures upon the ſeveral parts both containing and contained; 'till at laſt it ſmelt ſo ſtrong, I could preſerve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great expence to fit up all the bones with exact contexture, and in due ſymmetry; ſo that I am ready to ſhew a compleat anatomy thereof to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digreſs farther in the midſt of a digreſſion, as I have known ſome authors incloſe digreſſions in one another, like a neſt of boxes; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very ſtrange, new,

and important diſcovery; that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, inſtruction and diverſion. And I have farther proved in my ſaid ſeveral readings (which perhaps the world may one day ſee, if I can prevail on any friend to ſteal a copy, or on any certain gentleman of my admirers to be very importunate) that, as mankind is now diſpoſed, he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than inſtructed; his epidemical diſeaſes being faſtidioſity, amorphy, and oſcitation; whereas in the preſent univerſal empire of wit and learning, there ſeems but little matter left for inſtruction. However, in compliance with a leſſon of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly throughout this divine treatiſe have skilfully kneaded up both together with a layer of utile, and a layer of dulce.

WHEN I conſider how exceedingly our illuſtrious moderns have eclipſed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients, and turned them out of the road of all faſhionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice (*a*) town-wits of moſt refined accompliſhments are in grave diſpute, whether there have been ever

(*a*) The learned perſon, here meant by our author, hath been endeavouring to annihilate ſo many ancient writers, that, until he is pleaſed to ſtop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any ancients in the world.

any ancients or no: in which point we are like to receive wonderful ſatisfaction from the moſt uſeful labours and lucubrations of that whorty modern, Dr. Bentley: I ſay, when I conſider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous modern hath ever yet attempted an univerſal ſyſtem, in a ſmall portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practiſed in life. I am however forced to acknowledge, that ſuch an enterprize was thought on ſome time ago by a great philoſopher of (*a*) O. Brazile. The method he propoſed, was, by a certain curious receipt, a *noſtrum*, which after his untimely death I found among his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the modern learned, preſent them with it, not doubting, it may one day encourage ſome worthy undertaker.

You take fair correct copies, well bound in calfskin and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and ſciences whatſoever, and in what language you pleaſe. Theſe you diſtil *in balneo Mariæ*, infuſing quinteſſence of poppy Q. S. together with three pints of *lethe*, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanſe away carefully the *ſordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that

(*a*) This is an imaginary iſland, of kin to that, which is called the Painters wives iſland, placed in ſome unknown part of the ocean, meerly at the fancy of the map-maker.

is volatile evaporate. You preſerve only the firſt running, which is again to be diſtilled ſeventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glaſs vial hermetically ſealed for one and twenty days. Then you begin your catholic treatiſe, taking every morning faſting, firſt shaking the vial, three drops of this elixir, ſnuffing it ſtrongly up your noſe. It will dilate itſelf about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abſtracts, ſummaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, « *medul-* » *la's excerpta quædam's*, *florilegia's*, and » the like, all diſpoſed into great order, and » reducible upon paper ».

I MUST needs own, it was by the aſſiſtance of this *arcanum*, that I, though otherwiſe *impar*, have adventured upon ſo daring an attempt, never atchieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author called Homer; in whom, though otherwiſe a perſon not without ſome abilities, and for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have diſcovered many groſs errors, which are not to be forgiven his very aſhes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are aſſured, he deſigned his work for a (*a*) compleat body of all knowledge,

(*a*) Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus eſt, *Xenoph. in conviv.*

human, divine, political, and mechanic; it is manifeſt, he hath wholly neglected ſome, and been very imperfect in the reſt. For, firſt of all, as eminent a cabaliſt as his diſciples would repreſent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he ſeems to have read but very ſuperficially either Sendivogus, Behmen, or (*a*) *Antropoſophia Theomagica*. He is alſo quite miſtaken about the *ſphæra pyroplaſtica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit ſo ſevere a cenſure, *vix crederem authorem hunc unquam audiviſſe ignis vocem*. His failings are not leſs prominent in ſeveral parts of the mechanicks. For, having read his writings with the utmoſt application uſual among modern wits, I could never yet diſcover the leaſt direction about the ſtructure of that uſeful inſtrument, a ſave-all. For want of which, if the moderns had not lent their aſſiſtance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have ſtill behind a fault far more notorious to tax the author with; I mean, (*b*) his groſs

(*a*) A treatiſe written about fifty years ago, by a Welsh gentleman of Cambridge, his name, as I remember, was Vaughan, as appears by the anſwer to it written by the learned Dr. Henry Moor; it is a piece of the moſt unintelligible fuſtian, that perhaps was ever published in any language.

(*b*) Mr. Wotton (to whom our author never gives any quarter) in his compariſon of ancient and modern learning, numbers divinity, law, &c. among thoſe parts of knowledge, wherein we excel the ancients.

ignorance in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine, as well as diſcipline of the church of England. A defect indeed for which both he and all the ancients ſtand moſt juſtly cenſured by my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton, batchelor of divinity, in his incomparable treatiſe of ancient and modern learning; a book never to be ſufficiently valued, whether we conſider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great uſefulneſs of his ſublime diſcoveries upon the ſubject of flies and ſpittle, or the laborious eloquence of his ſtyle. And I cannot forbear doing that author the juſtice of my public acknowledgments, for the great helps and liftings I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatiſe.

But, beſides theſe omiſſions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will alſo obſerve ſeveral defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether ſo accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received ſuch wonderful acquirements ſince his age, eſpecially within theſe laſt three years, or thereabouts; it is almoſt impoſſible, he could be ſo very perfect in modern diſcoveries, as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compaſs, of gunpowder, and the circulation of the blood: but, I challenge any of his admirers to ſhew me, in all his writ-

ings, a compleat account of the ſpleen; does he not alſo leave us wholly to ſeek in the art of political wagering? What can be more defective and unſatisfactory than his long diſſertation upon tea? And as to his method of ſalivation without mercury, ſo much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to ſupply ſuch momentous defects, that I have been prevailed on after long ſollicitation to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promiſe, the judicious reader ſhall find nothing neglected here, that can be of uſe upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhauſted all, that human imagination can riſe or fall to. Particularly, I recommend to the peruſal of the learned certain diſcoveries, that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I ſhall only mention, among a great many more, my new help for ſmatterers, or the art of being deep-learned, and ſhallow-read. A curious invention about mouſe-traps. An univerſal rule of reaſon, or every man his own carver; together with a moſt uſeful engine for catching of owls. All which the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the ſeveral parts of this diſcourſe.

I hold myſelf obliged to give as much light as is poſſible into the beauties and ex-

cellencies of what I am writing, becauſe it is become the faſhion and humour moſt applauded among the firſt authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Beſides, there have been ſeveral famous pieces lately published, both in verſe and proſe; wherein, if the writers had not been pleaſed, out of their great humanity and affection to the publick, to give us a nice detail of the ſublime, and the admirable they contain, it is a thouſand to one, whether we ſhould ever have diſcovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have ſaid upon this occaſion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which uſually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the laſt writer; I claim an abſolute authority in right, as the freſheſt modern, which gives me a deſpotic power over all authors before me. In the ſtrength of which title, I do utterly diſapprove and declare againſt that pernicious cuſtom, of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiſcretion in monſter-mongers, and other retailers of ſtrange ſights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a moſt eloquent deſcription underneath; this hath ſaved me many a three-

pence; for my curioſity was fully ſatisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator with his laſt moving and ſtanding piece of rhetorick: Sir, upon my word, we are juſt going to begin. Such is exactly the fate at this time of prefaces, epiſtles, advertiſement, introductions, *prolegomena's*, *apparatus's*, to the readers. This expedient was admirable at firſt; our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible ſucceſs. He hath often ſaid to me in confidence, that the world would have never ſuſpected him to be ſo great a poet, if he had not aſſured them ſo frequently in his prefaces, that it was impoſſible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be ſo; however, I much fear, his inſtructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiſer in certain points, where he never intended they ſhould; for it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy ſcorn many of the yawning readers of our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication (which is the uſual modern ſtint) as if it were ſo much Latin. Though it muſt be alſo allowed on the other hand, that a very conſiderable number is known to proceed criticks and wits by reading nothing elſe. Into which two factions, I think, all preſent readers may juſtly be divided. Now for myſelf, I profeſs to be of the former ſort;

and therefore having the modern inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and diſplay the bright parts of my diſcourſe, I thought beſt to do it in the body of the work, where, as it now lies, it makes a very conſiderable addition to the bulk of the volume, a circumſtance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.

HAVING thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an eſtabliſhed cuſtom of our neweſt authors, by a long digreſſion unſought for, and an univerſal cenſure unprovoked; by forcing into the light with much pains and dexterity my own excellencies and other men's defaults, with great juſtice to myſelf and candour to them, I now happily reſume my ſubject, to the infinite ſatisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SECT. VI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

We left lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever diſcarded from his houſe, and reſigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to truſt to. Which are circumſtances, that render them proper ſubjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; ſcenes of miſery ever affording the faireſt harveſt for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author, and that of a common friend. The latter is obſerved to adhere cloſe in proſperity, but on the decline of fortune to drop ſuddenly off. Whereas, the generous author, juſt on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual ſteps raiſes him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not ſo much as thanks for his pains: in imitation of which example I have placed lord Peter in a noble houſe, given him a title to wear, and money to ſpend. There I ſhall leave him for ſome time; returning where common charity directs me, to the aſſiſtance of his two brothers at their loweſt ebb. However, I ſhall by no means forget my character of an hiſtorian to follow the truth ſtep by ſtep, whatever happens, or where-ever it may lead me.

THE two exiles, ſo nearly united in fortune and intereſt, took a lodging together; where, at their firſt leiſure, they began to reflect on the numberleſs misfortunes and vexations of their life paſt, and could not tell on the ſudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after ſome recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will, which they had ſo happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm reſolution taken between them to alter whatever was already amiſs, and reduce all their future meaſures to the ſtricteſt obedience preſcribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot eaſily have forgot) conſiſted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats; in the peruſal whereof, the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never ſeen a wider difference between two things; horrible, downright tranſgreſſions of every point. Upon which they both reſolved, without further delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

BUT, here it is good to ſtop the haſty reader, ever impatient to ſee the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that theſe two brothers began to be diſtinguished at this time by certain names. One of them deſired to be called

called (*a*) MARTIN, and the other took the appellation of (*b*) JACK. Theſe two had lived in much friendſhip and agreement under the tyranny of their brother Peter, as it is the talent of fellow-ſufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the ſame: but when they came forward into the world, and began to diſplay themſelves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the preſent poſture of their affairs gave them ſudden opportunity to diſcover.

BUT, here the ſevere reader may juſtly tax me as a writer of ſhort memory, a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but, of neceſſity, be a little ſubject. Becauſe, memory being an employment of the mind upon things paſt, is a faculty, for which the learned in our illuſtrious age have no manner of occaſion, who deal entirely with invention, and ſtrike all things out of themſelves, or at leaſt by colliſion from each other: upon which account we think it highly reaſonable to produce our great forgetfulneſs, as an argument unanſwerable for our great wit. I ought in method to have informed the reader about fifty pages ago of a

(*a*) Martin Luther.

(*b*) John Calvin.

fancy lord Peter took, and infuſed into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in faſhion; never pulling off any, as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley the moſt antic, you can poſſibly conceive; and this to a degree, that, upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be ſeen: but an infinite quantity of lace, and ribands, and fringe, and embroidery, and points (I mean, only thoſe (*a*) tagged with ſilver, for the reſt fell off.) Now this material circumſtance having been forgot in due place, as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are juſt going to reform their veſtures into the primitive ſtate, preſcribed by their father's will.

THEY both unanimouſly entered upon this great work, looking ſometimes on their coats, and ſometimes on the will. Martin laid the firſt hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of points; and, with a ſecond pull, ſtripped away ten dozen yards of fringe. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while: he knew very well, there

(*a*) Points tagged with ſilver, are thoſe doctrines that promote the greatneſs and wealth of the church, which have been therefore woven deepeſt in the body of popery.

yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the firſt heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he reſolved to proceed more moderately in the reſt of the work; having already narrowly eſcaped a ſwinging rent in pulling off the points, which, being tagged with ſilver (as we have obſerved before) the judicious workman had with much ſagacity double ſown to preſerve them from falling. Reſolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of gold lace, he picked up the ſtitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the looſe threads as he went, which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; againſt which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's teſtament was extremely exact and ſevere: theſe with much dexterity and application were after a while quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the reſt, where he obſerved the embroidery to be worked ſo cloſe, as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it ſerved to hide or ſtrengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded, the wiſeſt courſe was to let it remain, reſolving in no caſe whatſoever, that the ſubſtance of the ſtuff ſhould ſuffer injury; which he thought the beſt method for ſerving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the neareſt ac-

count I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

BUT his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different spirit. For the memory of lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spight, which had a much greater share of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands, since these appeared at best only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of zeal; which is perhaps the most significant word, that hath been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a histo-ri-theo-physi-logical account of zeal, shewing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and from thence in a hot summer ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the modern way of subscription, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement; having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I RECORD therefore, that brother Jack,

brim-full of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the deſpondency of Martin, prefaced his reſolutions to this purpoſe. «« What, ſaid he, a rogue that »» locked up his drink, turned away our wi- »» ves, cheated us of our fortunes; palmed »» his damned cruſts upon us for mutton; and, »» at laſt, kicked us out of doors; muſt we »» be in his faſhions, with a pox! a raſcal, »» beſides, that all the ſtreet cries out againſt.»» Having thus kindled and inflamed himſelf, as high as poſſible, and by conſequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he ſet about the work immediately, and in three minutes made more diſpatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to underſtand, that zeal is never ſo highly obliged, as when you ſet it a tearing, and Jack, who doated on that quality in himſelf, allowed it at this time its full ſwing. Thus it happened, that ſtripping down a parcel of gold lace a little too haſtily, he rent the main body of his coat from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happieſt in taking up a ſtitch, he knew no better way, than to dearn it again with packthread and a skewer. But the matter was yet infinitely worſe (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery: for, being clumſy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding

millions of ſtitches that required the niceſt hand, and ſedateſt conſtitution, to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiouſly thus continued his career; Ah, » good brother Martin, ſaid he, do as I do, » for the love of God; ſtrip, tear, pull, » rend, flay off all, that we may appear as » unlike the rogue Peter as it is poſſible; I » would not, for an hundred pounds, carry » the leaſt mark about me, that might give » occaſion to the neighbours of ſuſpecting, » that I was related to ſuch a raſcal ». But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely flegmatic and ſedate, « begged his » brother, of all love, not to damage his » coat by any means; for he never would get » ſuch another: deſired him to conſider, that » it was no their buſineſs to form their actions » by any reflection upon Peter, but by obſerving the rules preſcribed in their father's » will. That he should remember, Peter was » ſtill their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they » should, by all means, avoid ſuch a thought, » as that of taking meaſures for good and evil » from no other rule, than of oppoſition to » him. That it was true, the teſtament of » their good father was very exact in what » related to the wearing of their coats; yet » was it no leſs penal and ſtrict in preſcribing » agreement, and affection between them.

» And therefore, if ſtraining a point were at » all diſpenſable; it would certainly be ſo, » rather to the advance of unity, than increaſe » of contradiction ».

MARTIN had ſtill proceeded as gravely as he began; and doubtleſs would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repoſe both of body and mind, the true ultimate end of ethicks; but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And, as in ſcholaſtic diſputes nothing ſerves to rouſe the ſpleen of him that oppoſes ſo much, as a kind of pedantic affected calmneſs in the reſpondent; diſputants being for the moſt part like unequal ſcales, where the gravity of one ſide advances the lightneſs of the other, and cauſes it to fly up, and kick the beam: ſo it happened here, that the weight of Martin's argument exalted Jack's levity, and made him fly out and ſpurn againſt his brother's moderation. In ſhort, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage; but that, which moſt afflicted him, was, to obſerve his brother's coat ſo well reduced into the ſtate of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his ſhirt; or thoſe places, which had eſcaped his cruel clutches, were ſtill in Peter's livery. So that he looked like a drunken beau, half rifled by bullies; or like a freſh tenant of Newgate, when he has refuſed the payment

of garniſh; or like a diſcovered ſhoplifter, left to the mercy of Exchange-women (*a*); or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat, reſigned into the ſecular hands of the mobile. Like any, or like all of theſe, a medley of rags and lace, and rents, and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear: he would have been extremely glad to ſee his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the ſame predicament with his. However ſince neither of theſe was likely to come to paſs, he thought fit to lend the whole buſineſs another turn, and to dreſs up neceſſity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the fox's arguments (*b*), as he could muſter up, for bringing Martin to reaſon, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed condition; and obſerving

(*a*) The galleries over the piazzas in the Royal-Exchange were formerly filled with ſhops, kept chiefly by women; the ſame uſe was made of a building called the New-Exchange in the Strand; this edifice has been pulled down; the ſhopkeepers have removed from the Royal-Exchange into Corn-hill, and the adjacent ſtreets; and there are now no remains of Exchange-women, but in Exeter'-change, and they are no longer deemed the firſt miniſters of faſhion.

(*b*) The fox in the fable, who having been caught in a trap and loſt his tail, uſed many arguments to perſuade the reſt to cut off theirs; that the ſingularity of his deformity might not expoſe him to deriſion.

he ſaid all to little purpoſe; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but after a million of ſcurrilities againſt his brother to run mad with ſpleen, and ſpight, and contradiction. To be ſhort, here began a mortal breach between theſe two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a ſhort time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddeſt whimſies, that ever a ſick brain conceived.

AND now the little boys in the ſtreets began to ſalute him with ſeveral names. Sometimes they would call him (*a*) Jack the bald; ſometimes, (*b*) Jack with a lantern; ſometimes, (*c*) Dutch Jack; ſometimes, (*d*) French Hugh; ſometimes, (*e*) Tom the Beggar; and ſometimes, (*f*) Knocking Jack of the North. And it was under one, or ſome, or all of theſe ap-

(*a*) That is, Calvin, from *calvus*, bald.

(*b*) All thoſe who pretend to inward light.

(*c*) Jack of Leyden, who gave riſe to the Anabaptiſts.

(*d*) The Hugonots.

(*e*) The Gueuſes, by which name ſome proteſtants in Flanders were called.

(*f*) John Knox, the reformer of Scotland.

pellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he hath given riſe to the moſt illuſtrious and epidemic ſect of Æoliſts, who, with honourable commemoration, do ſtill acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whoſe original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

—— *Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.*

SECT. VII.

A DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.

I HAVE ſometimes heard of an Iliad in a nut-ſhell; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftener ſeen a nut-ſhell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received moſt wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I ſhall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmoſt enquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digreſſions: the late refinements in knowledge running parallel to thoſe of dyet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taſte, are dreſſed up in various compounds conſiſting in ſoups and olio's, *fricaſſées*, and *ragoûts*.

IT is true, there is a ſort of moroſe, detracting, ill-bread people, who pretend utterly to diſrelish theſe polite innovations; and as to the ſimilitude from dyet, they allow the parallel, but are ſo bold to pronounce the example itſelf a corruption and degeneracy of taſte. They tell us, that the faſhion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish was at firſt introduced in compliance to a depraved and

debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy conſtitution: and to ſee a man hunting through an olio after the head and brains of a gooſe, a widgeon, or a woodcock, is a ſign he wants a ſtomach and digeſtion for more ſubſtantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that digreſſions in a book are like foreign troops in a ſtate, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own, and often either ſubdue the natives, or drive them into the moſt unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by theſe ſupercilious cenſors, it is manifeſt, the ſociety of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconſiderable number, if men were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpoſe. It is acknowledged, that were the caſe the ſame among us, as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle to be reared and fed, and cloathed by invention; it would be an eaſy task to fill up volumes upon particular occaſions, without farther expatiating from the ſubject than by moderate excurſions, helping to advance or clear the main deſign. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country; which for a few days maintains itſelf by the product of the ſoil it is on, till, proviſions being ſpent, they are ſent to forage many a mile, among friends or ene-

mies, it matters not. Mean while the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no ſuſtenance but clouds of duſt.

THE whole courſe of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wiſely ſenſible of it; we of this age have diſcovered a shorter, and more prudent method, to become ſcholars and wits without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The moſt accomplished way of uſing books at preſent is twofold: either firſt, to ſerve them as ſome men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or ſecondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough inſight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fiſhes by the tail. For, to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expence of time and forms; therefore men of much haſte and little ceremony are content to get in by the back-door. For the arts are all in a flying march, and therefore more eaſily ſubdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus phyſicians diſcover the ſtate of the whole body by conſulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit on the poſteriors of a book, as boys do ſparrows with flinging ſalt upon their tails. Thus human life is beſt underſtood by the wiſe

man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the ſciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old ſciences unravelled like old ſtockings, by beginning at the foot.

Besides all this, the army of the ſciences hath been of late, with a world of martial diſcipline, drawn into its cloſe order, ſo that a view, or a muſter may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great bleſſing we are wholly indebted to ſyſtems and abſtracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent uſurers, ſpent their ſweat for the eaſe of us their children. For labour is the ſeed of idleneſs, and it is the peculiar happineſs of our noble age to gather the fruit.

Now the method of growing wiſe, learned, and ſublime, having become ſo regular an affair, and ſo eſtabliſhed in all its forms; the number of writers muſt needs have increaſed accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of abſolute neceſſity for them to interfere continually with each other Beſides, it is reckoned, that there is not at this preſent a ſufficient quantity of new matter left in nature to furniſh and adorn any one particular ſubject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who hath given a full demonſtration of it from rules of arithmetick.

THIS perhaps may be objected againſt by thoſe, who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow, that any *ſpecies* of it can be exhauſted. For anſwer to which, let us examine the nobleſt branch of modern wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the preſent age, and which of all others hath born the moſt, and the faireſt fruit. For though ſome remains of it were left us by the ancients, yet have not any of thoſe, as I remember, been tranſlated or compiled into ſyſtems for modern uſe. Therefore we may affirm to our own honour, that it hath, in ſome ſort, been both invented, and brought to a perfection by the ſame hands. What I mean, is that highly celebrated talent among the modern wits, of deducing ſimilitudes, alluſions, and applications, very ſurpriſing, agreeable, and appoſite, from the *pudenda* of either ſex, together with their proper uſes. And truly, having obſerved how little invention bears any vogue, beſides what is derived into theſe channels, I have ſometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient (*a*) typical deſcription of the Indian pygmies; whoſe ſtature did not exceed above two foot; *ſed quorum pudenda craſſa, & ad talos uſque pertingentia.* Now, I have been very curious to inſpect the late productions, wherein the

(*a*) Cteſiæ fragm. apud Photium.

beauties of this kind have moſt prominently appeared; and although this vein hath bled ſo freely, and all endeavours have been uſed in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians, who (*a*) had a cuſtom, and an inſtrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk: yet I am under an apprehenſion, it is near growing dry, and paſt all recovery; and that either ſome new *fonde* of wit ſhould, if poſſible, be provided, or elſe, that we muſt e'en be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occaſions.

THIS will ſtand as an inconteſtable argument, that our modern wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter for a conſtant ſupply. What remains therefore, but that our laſt recourſe muſt be had to large indexes, and little compendiums? quotations muſt be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet; to this end, though authors need be little conſulted, yet criticks, and commentators, and lexicons carefully muſt. But above all, thoſe judicious collectors of Bright-Parts, and Flowers, and *Obſervanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by ſome called the ſieves and boulters of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in pearls or meal; and conſequently, whether we are more to value

(*a*) Herodot. L. 4.

that which paſſed through, or what ſtaid behind.

By theſe methods, in a few weeks, there ſtarts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundeſt, and moſt univerſal ſubjects. For, what though his head be empty, provided his common-place book be full; and if you will bate him but the circumſtances of method, and ſtyle, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of tranſcribing from others, and digreſſing from himſelf, as often as he ſhall ſee occaſion; he will deſire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatiſe, that ſhall make a very comely figure on a book-ſeller's ſhelf, there to be preſerved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inſcribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greaſed by ſtudents, nor bound to everlaſting chains of darkneſs in a library: but, when the fulneſs of time is come, ſhall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to aſcend the ſky.

Without theſe allowances, how is it poſſible, we modern wits ſhould ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, liſted under ſo many thouſand heads of a different nature; for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as inſtruction, and we ourſelves buried beyond redreſs in an inglorious and undiſtinguiſhed oblivion?

FROM ſuch elements as theſe, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the guild. A happineſs derived to us with a great many others from our Scythian anceſtors; among whom the number of pens was ſo infinite, that the (*a*) Grecian eloquence had no other way of expreſſing it, than by ſaying, that in the regions, far to the north, it was hardly poſſible for a man to travel, the very air was ſo replete with feathers.

THE neceſſity of this digreſſion will eaſily excuſe the length; and I have choſen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can aſſign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other corner he pleaſes. And ſo I return with great alacrity to purſue a more important concern.

(*a*) Herodot. L. 4.

SECT. VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE learned (*a*) Æoliſts maintain the original cauſe of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole univerſe was at firſt produced, and into which it muſt at laſt be reſolved; that the ſame breath, which had kindled, and blew up the flame of nature, ſhould one day blow it out:

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

THIS is what the *adepti* underſtand by their *anima mundi;* that is to ſay, the ſpirit, or breath, or wind of the world; for, examine the whole ſyſtem by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be diſputed. For whether you pleaſe to call the *forma informans* of man by the name of *ſpiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima;* what are all theſe but ſeveral appellations for wind, which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all reſolve upon their corruption? farther, what is life itſelf, but, as it is commonly called, the breath of our noſtrils? whence it is very juſtly obſerved by naturaliſts, that wind ſtill continues of great emolument in certain myſteries not to be named,

(*a*) All pretenders to inſpiration whatſoever.

giving occaſion for thoſe happy epithets of *turgidus*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the emittent, or recipient organs.

BY what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compaſs of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their moſt important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight; that ſince wind had the maſter-ſhare, as well as operation in every compound, by conſequence thoſe beings muſt be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears moſt prominently to abound; and therefore man is in higheſt perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philoſophers, been endued with three diſtinct *anima*'s or winds, to which the ſage Æoliſts, with much liberality, have added a fourth of equal neceſſity, as well as ornament with the other three; by this *quartum principium* taking in our four corners of the world; which gave occaſion to that renowned cabaliſt, (*a*) *Bumbaſtus*, of placing the body of man in due poſition to the four cardinal points.

(*a*) This is one of the names of *Paracelſus*; he was called *Chriſtophorus Theophraſtus Paracelſus Bumbaſtus*.

IN conſequence of this, their next principle was, that man brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta eſſentia*, extracted from the other four. This quinteſſence is of a catholic uſe upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and ſciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged by certain methods in education. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetouſly hoarded up, ſtifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon theſe reaſons, and others of equal weight, the wiſe Æoliſts affirm the gift of BELCHING to be the nobleſt act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more ſerviceable to mankind, they made uſe of ſeveral methods. At certain ſeaſons of the year, you might behold the prieſts among them in vaſt numbers with their (*a*) mouths gaping wide enough againſt a ſtorm. At other times were to be ſeen ſeveral hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the ſhape and ſize of a tun; and for that reaſon, with great propriety of ſpeech, did uſually call their bodies, their veſſels. When by theſe and the like perfor-

(*a*) This is meant of thoſe ſeditious preachers, who blow up the ſeeds of rebellion, &c.

mances they were grown ſufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and diſembogue, for the public good, a plentiful ſhare of their acquirements into their diſciples chaps. For we muſt here obſerve, that all learning was eſteemed among them to be compounded from the ſame principle. Becauſe, firſt, it is generally affirmed, or confeſſed, that learning puffeth men up: and ſecondly, they proved it by the following ſyllogiſm: words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; *ergo*, learning is nothing but wind. For this reaſon the philoſophers among them did in their ſchools deliver to their pupils all their doctrines and opinions by eructation, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteriſtick, by which their chief ſages were beſt diſtinguiſhed, was a certain poſition of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the ſpirit agitated the inward maſs. For after certain gripings, the wind and vapours iſſuing forth, having firſt by their turbulence and convulſions within cauſed an earthquake in man's little world, diſtorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of *relievo*. At which junctures, all their belches were received for ſacred, the ſourer the better, and ſwallowed with infinite conſolation by their meager devotees. And, to render theſe yet more compleat, becauſe the breath of man's

life is in his noſtrils, therefore the choiceſt, moſt edifying, and moſt enlivening belches were very wiſely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they paſſed.

THEIR gods were the four winds, whom they worſhipped, as the ſpirits that pervade and enliven the univerſe, and as thoſe from whom alone all inſpiration can properly be ſaid to proceed. However, the chief of theſe, to whom they performed the adoration of *latria (a)*, was the almighty North, an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis in Greece had likewiſe in the higheſt reverence: *(b) omnium deorum Boream maximè celebrant.* This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet ſuppoſed by the founder Æoliſts to poſſeſs one peculiar habitation, or (to ſpeak in form) a *cælum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately preſent. This was ſituated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called, Σκοτία, or the land of darkneſs. And although many controverſies have ariſen upon that matter; yet ſo much is undiſputed, that, from a region of the like denomination the moſt refined Æoliſts have borrowed their original; from whence in every age the zealous

(*a*) *Latria* is that worſhip which is paid only to the ſupreme Deity.

(*b*) Pauſan. L. 8.

among their prieſt-hood have brought over their choiceſt inſpiration, fetching it with their own hands from the fountain-head in certain bladders, and diſploding it among the ſectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily gaſp and pant after it.

Now, their miſteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned, that the *virtuoſo*'s of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preſerving winds in casks or barrels, which was of great aſſiſtance upon long ſea-voyages; and the loſs of ſo uſeful an art at preſent is very much to be lamented, although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by (*a*) Pancirollus. It was an invention aſcribed to Æolus himſelf, from whom this ſect is denominated, and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preſerved great numbers of thoſe barrels, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, firſt beating out the top; into this barrel, upon ſolemn days, the prieſt enters; where, having before duly prepared himſelf by the methods already deſcribed, a ſecret funnel is alſo conveyed from his poſteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new ſupplies of inſpiration from a northern chink or crany. Whereupon, you behold him

(*a*) An author who writ *De Artibus perditis*, &c. of arts loſt, and of arts invented.

ſwell

ſwell immediately to the ſhape and ſize of his veſſel. In this poſture he diſembogues whole tempeſts upon his auditory, as the ſpirit from beneath gives him utterance; which, iſſuing *ex adytis & penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And, the wind in breaking forth (*a*) deals with his face as it does with that of the ſea, firſt blackening, then wrinkling, and, at laſt, burſting it into a foam. It is in this guiſe, the ſacred Æoliſt delivers his oracular belches to his panting diſciples; of whom, ſome are greedily gaping after the ſanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praiſes of the winds; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus repreſent the ſoft breezes of their deities appeaſed.

It is from this cuſtom of the prieſts, that ſome authors maintain theſe Æoliſts to have been very ancient in the world. Becauſe the delivery of their myſteries, which I have juſt now mentioned, appears exactly the ſame with that of other ancient oracles, whoſe inſpirations were owing to certain ſubterraneous effluviums of wind, delivered with the ſame pain to the prieſt, and much about the ſame influence on the people. It is true indeed, that theſe were frequently managed and directed by female officers, whoſe organs were

(*a*) This is an exact deſcription of the changes made in the face by enthuſiaſtic preachers.

underſtood to be better diſpoſed for the admiſſion of thoſe oracular guſts, as entering and paſſing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and cauſing alſo a pruriency by the way, ſuch as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into a ſpiritual extaſy. And, to ſtrengthen this profound conjecture, it is further inſiſted, that this cuſtom of (*a*) female prieſts is kept up ſtill in certain refined colleges of our modern Æoliſts, who are agreed to receive their inſpiration derived through the receptacle aforeſaid, like their anceſtors, the ſibyls.

AND, whereas the mind of man, when he gives the ſpur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never ſtop, but naturally ſallies out into both extreams of high and low, of good and evil; his firſt flight of fancy commonly tranſports him to ideas of what is moſt perfect, finished, and exalted; till having ſoared out of his own reach and ſight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of heighth and depth border upon each other; with the ſame courſe and wing, he falls down plum into the loweſt bottom of things; like one who travels the eaſt into the weſt; or like a ſtrait line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether, a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furniſhing every bright idea with

(*a*) Quakers, who ſuffer their women to preach and pray.

its reverſe; or, whether reaſon, reflecting upon the ſum of things, can like the ſun ſerve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by neceſſity under ſhade and darkneſs; or, whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is higheſt and beſt, becomes over-ſhort, and ſpent, and weary, and ſuddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradiſe, to the ground: or whether, after all theſe metaphyſical conjectures, I have not entirely miſſed the true reaſon; the propoſition however, which hath ſtood me in ſo much circumſtance, is altogether true; that, as the moſt uncivilized parts of mankind have ſome way or other climbed up into the conception of a God, or ſupreme power, ſo they have ſeldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghaſtly notions, which, inſtead of better, have ſerved them pretty tolerably for a devil. And this proceeding ſeems to be natural enough; for it is with men, whoſe imaginations are lifted up very high, after the ſame rate, as with thoſe, whoſe bodies are ſo; that, as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, ſo they are equally terrified with the diſmal proſpect of the precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a devil, it hath been the uſual method of mankind to ſingle out ſome being, either in act, or in viſion, which was in moſt antipathy to the God they had framed. Thus alſo the ſect of Æoliſts poſſeſſed themſelves with

a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom, and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was eſtabliſhed. The firſt of theſe was the (*a*) camelion, ſworn foe to inſpiration, who in ſcorn devoured large influences of their God, without refunding the ſmalleſt blaſt by eructation. The other was a huge terrible monſter, called *Moulin à vent*, who, with four ſtrong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterouſly turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with intereſt.

THUS furniſhed, and ſet out with Gods, as well as devils, was the renowned ſect of Æoliſts, which makes at this day ſo illuſtrious a figure in the world, and whereof, that polite nation of Laplanders are, beyond all doubt, a moſt authentic branch; of whom I therefore cannot, without injuſtice, here omit to make honourable mention; ſince they appear to be ſo cloſely allied in point of intereſt, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æoliſts among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholeſale from the ſame merchants, but alſo to retail them after the ſame rate and method, and to cuſtomers much alike.

NOW, whether the ſyſtem here delivered

(*a*) I do not well underſtand what the author aims at here, any more than by the terrible monſter, mentioned in the following lines, called *Moulin à vent*, which is the French name for a windmill.

was wholly compiled by Jack; or, as ſome writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations, ſuited to the times and circumſtances; I ſhall not abſolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at leaſt a new turn, and formed it into the ſame dreſs and model, as it lies deduced by me.

I HAVE long ſought after this opportunity of doing juſtice to a ſociety of men, for whom I have a peculiar honour; and whoſe opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely miſrepreſented, and traduced, by the malice or ignorance of their adverſaries. For, I think it one of the greateſt, and beſt of human actions to remove prejudices, and place things in their trueſt and faireſt light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beſide the conſcience, the honour, and the thanks.

SECT. IX.

A digreſſion concerning the original, the uſe, and improvement of madneſs *in a commonwealth.*

NOR ſhall it any ways detract from the juſt reputation of this famous ſect, that its riſe and inſtitution are owing to ſuch an author, as I have deſcribed Jack to be; a perſon whoſe intellectuals were overturned, and his brain ſhaken out of its natural poſition; which we commonly ſuppoſe to be a diſtemper, and call by the name of madneſs or phrenzy. For, if we take a ſurvey of the greateſt actions, that have been performed in the world under the influence of ſingle men; which are, the eſtabliſhment of new empires by conqueſt, the advance and progreſs of new ſchemes in philoſophy, and the contriving, as well as the propagating of new religions; we ſhall find the authors of them all to have been perſons, whoſe natural reaſon had admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the prevalency of ſome certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Beſides, there is ſomething individual in human minds, that eaſily kindles at the accidental approach and colliſion of certain circumſtances, which, though of paultry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greateſt emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given

by ſtrong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper ſeaſons; and it is of no import, where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For, the upper region of man is furniſhed like the middle region of the air; the materials are formed from cauſes of the wideſt difference, yet produce at laſt the ſame ſubſtance and effect. Miſts ariſe from the earth, ſteams from dunghills, exhalations from the ſea, and ſmoke from fire; yet all clouds are the ſame in compoſition, as well as conſequences; and the fumes iſſuing from a jakes will furniſh as comely and uſual a vapour, as incenſe from an altar. Thus far, I ſuppoſe, will eaſily be granted me; and then it will follow, that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcaſt and diſturbed, ſo human underſtanding, ſeated in the brain, muſt be troubled and overſpread by vapours, aſcending from the lower faculties to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although theſe vapours (as it hath been already ſaid) are of as various original, as thoſe of the skies; yet the crops they produce, differ both in kind and degree, meerly according to the ſoil. I will produce two inſtances to prove and explain, what I am now advancing.

(*a*) A CERTAIN great prince raiſed a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treaſures,

(*a*) This was Harry the Great of France.

provided an invincible fleet, and all this, without giving the leaſt part of his deſign to his greateſt miniſters, or his neareſt favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations, towards what point the ſtorm would burſt; the ſmall politicians every where forming profound conjectures. Some believed, he had laid a ſcheme for univerſal monarchy; others, after much inſight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the pope, and ſetting up the reformed religion, which had once been his own. Some again, of a deeper ſagacity, ſent him into *Aſia* to ſubdue the Turk, and recover Paleſtine. In the midſt of all theſe projects and preparations, a certain (*a*) ſtate-ſurgeon, gathering the nature of the diſeaſe by theſe ſymptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour; nor did any thing want to render it a compleat remedy, only, that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this vapour took its riſe, which had ſo long ſet the nations at a gaze, what ſecret wheel, what hidden ſpring could put into motion ſo wonderful an engine. It was afterwards diſcovered, that the movement of

(*a*) Ravillac, who ſtabbed Henry the Great in his coach.

this whole machine had been directed by an abſent *female*, whoſe eyes had raiſed a protuberancy, and before emiſſion she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in ſuch ticklish circumſtances as theſe? he tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quaque;* for,

Idque petit corpus mens, unde eſt ſaucia amore;
Unde feritur, eo tendit, geſtitque coire. Lucr.

HAVING to no purpoſe uſed all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the *ſemen*, raiſed and inflamed, became aduſt, converted to choler, turned head upon the ſpinal duct, and aſcended to the brain: the very ſame principle, that influences a bully to break the windows of a whore, who has jilted him, naturally ſtirs up a great prince to raiſe mighty armies, and dream of nothing but ſieges, battles, and victories.

——— *Teterrima belli*
Cauſa ———

THE other (*a*) inſtance is, what I have read ſomewhere in a very ancient author of a mighty king, who, for the ſpace of above thirty years, amuſed himſelf to take and loſe towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive

(*a*) This is meant of the preſent French king, Lewis XIV.

princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waſte, plunder, dragoon, maſſacre ſubject and ſtranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philoſophers of each country were in grave diſpute upon cauſes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they ſhould aſſign an original ſolution of this phænomenon. At laſt, the vapour or ſpirit, which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, ſeized upon that region of the human body ſo renowned for furniſhing the (*a*) *zibeta occidentalis*, and gathering there into a tumor, left the reſt of the world for that time in peace. Of ſuch mighty conſequence it is, where thoſe exhalations fix; and of ſo little, from whence they proceed. The ſame ſpirits, which in their ſuperior progreſs would conquer a kingdom, deſcending upon the *anus*, conclude in a *fiſtula*.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new ſchemes in philoſophy, and ſearch till we can find, from what faculty of the ſoul the diſpoſition ariſes in mortal man of taking it into his head to advance new ſyſtems, with

(*a*) *Paracelſus*, who was ſo famous for chymiſtry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of it; which, when he had brought to perfection, he called *zibeta occidentalis*, or weſtern civet, the back parts of man (according to his diviſion mentioned by the author, page 164) being the weſt.

ſuch an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impoſſible to be known: from what ſeeds this diſpoſition ſprings, and to what quality of human nature theſe grand innovators have been indebted for their number of diſciples. Becauſe it is plain, that ſeveral of their chief among them, both ancient and modern, were uſually miſtaken by their adverſaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been perſons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded in the common courſe of their words and actions by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reaſon; agreeing for the moſt part in their ſeveral models with their preſent undoubted ſucceſſors in the academy of modern Bedlam (whoſe merits and principles I ſhall farther examine in due place). Of this kind were *Epicurus*, *Diogenes*, *Apollonius*, *Lucretius*, *Paracelſus*, *Des Cartes*, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied faſt, and ſeparate from their followers, would, in this our undiſtinguishing age, incur manifeſt danger of phlebotomy, and whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and ſtraw. For, what man in the natural ſtate, or courſe of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the ſame length, and breadth, and heighth of his own? yet, this is the firſt humble and civil deſign of all innovators in the empire of reaſon. *Epicurus* modeſtly hoped,

that one time or other a certain fortuitous concourſe of all men's opinions, after perpetual juſtlings, the ſharp with the ſmooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the ſquare, would by certain *clinamina* unite in the notions of atoms and void, as theſe did in the originals of all things. *Carteſius* reckoned to ſee, before he died, the ſentiments of all philoſophers, like ſo many leſſer ſtars in his romantic ſyſtem, wrapped and drawn within his own *vortex*. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is poſſible to account for ſuch imaginations as theſe in particular men, without recourſe to my phænomenon of vapours, aſcending from the lower faculties to overſhadow the brain, and there diſtilling into conceptions, for which the narrowneſs of our mother tongue has not yet aſſigned any other name, beſides that of madneſs or phrenzy. Let us therefore now conjecture, how it comes to paſs, that none of theſe great preſcribers do ever fail providing themſelves and their notions with a number of implicit diſciples. And, I think, the reaſon is eaſy to be aſſigned: for, there is a peculiar ſtring in the harmony of human underſtanding, which in ſeveral individuals is exactly of the ſame tuning. This if you can dexterouſly ſcrew up to its right key, and then ſtrike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among thoſe of the ſame pitch, they will, by a ſecret neceſſary ſympathy, ſtrike exactly

at the ſame time. And, in this one circumſtance lies all the skill or luck of the matter; for if you chance to jar the ſtring among thoſe, who are either above or below your own heighth, inſtead of ſubſcribing to your doctrine, they will tie you faſt, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the niceſt conduct to diſtinguish and adapt this noble talent with reſpect to the differences of perſons and of times. Cicero underſtood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen (who, it ſeems, in thoſe days were as errant raſcals as they are now) has theſe remarkable words: (*a*) *Eſt quod gaudeas te in iſta loca veniſſe, ubi aliquid ſapere viderere.* For, to ſpeak a bold truth, it is a fatal miſcarriage ſo ill to order affairs, as to paſs for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a philoſopher. Which I deſire ſome certain gentlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts, as a very ſeaſonable *innuendo*.

THIS, indeed, was the fatal miſtake of that worthy gentleman, my moſt ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton: a perſon, in appearance, ordained for great deſigns, as well as performances; whether you will conſider his notions or his looks, ſurely no man ever advanced

(*a*) Epiſt. ad Fam. Trebatio.

into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind for the propagation of a new religion. Oh, had thoſe happy talents, miſapplied to vain philoſophy, been turned into their proper channels of dreams and viſions, where diſtortion of mind and countenance are of ſuch ſovereign uſe; the baſe detracting world would not then have dared to report, that ſomething is amiſs, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky shake; which even his brother moderniſts themſelves, like ungrates, do whiſper ſo loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Lastly, whoſoever pleaſes to look into the fountains of enthuſiaſm, from whence in all ages have eternally proceeded ſuch fattening ſtreams, will find the ſpring head to have been as troubled and muddy as the current: of ſuch great emolument is a tincture of this vapour, which the world calls madneſs, that without its help the world would not only be deprived of thoſe two great bleſſings, conqueſts and ſyſtems, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the ſame belief in things inviſible. Now, the former *poſtulatum* being held, that it is of no import from what originals this vapour proceeds, but either in what *angles* it ſtrikes and ſpreads over the underſtanding, or upon what *ſpecies* of brain it aſcends; it will be a very delicate point to cut the feather, and divide the ſeveral reaſons to

a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of ſo vaſt a difference from the ſame vapour, as to be the ſole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and Monſieur Des Cartes. The preſent argument is the moſt abſtracted, that ever I engaged in; it ſtrains my faculties to their higheſt ſtretch: and I deſire the reader to attend with utmoſt perpenſity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

(*a*) There is in mankind, a certain . . . . . .

Hic multa deſiderantur.

. . . . . And this I take to be a clear ſolution of the matter.

HAVING therefore ſo narrowly paſſed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am ſure, agree with me in the concluſion; that if the moderns mean by madneſs only a diſturbance or tranſpoſition of the brain, by force of certain vapours iſſuing up from the lower faculties; then has this madneſs been the parent of all thoſe mighty revo-

(*a*) Here is another defect in the manuſcript; but I think the author did wiſely, and that the matter, which thus ſtrained his faculties, was not worth a ſolution; and it were well if all metaphyſical cobweb problems were no otherwiſe anſwered.

lutions, that have happened in empire, in philoſophy, and in religion. For, the brain, in its natural poſition and ſtate of ſerenity, diſpoſeth its owner to paſs his life in the common forms without any thoughts of ſubduing multitudes to his own power, his reaſons, or his viſions; and the more he ſhapes his underſtanding by the pattern of human learning, the leſs he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions; becauſe that inſtructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the ſtubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets aſtride on his reaſon; when imagination is at cuffs with the ſenſes; and common underſtanding, as well as common ſenſe, is kicked out of doors; the firſt proſelyte he makes, is himſelf; and when that is once compaſſed, the difficulty is not ſo great in bringing over others; a ſtrong deluſion always operating from without, as vigorouſly as from within. For cant and viſion are to the ear and the eye the ſame, that tickling is to the touch. Thoſe entertainments and pleaſures we moſt value in life, are ſuch as dupe and play the wag with the ſenſes. For, if we take an examination of what is generally underſtood by happineſs, as it has reſpect either to the underſtanding or the ſenſes, we ſhall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this ſhort definition: that, it is a perpetual poſſeſſion of being well deceived. And firſt, with relation to the mind or underſtand-

ing, it is manifeſt, what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reaſon is juſt at our elbow, becauſe imagination can build nobler ſcenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expence to furniſh. Nor is mankind ſo much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we conſider that the debate merely lies between things paſt, and things conceived: and ſo the queſtion is only this; whether things, that have place in the imagination, may not as properly be ſaid to exiſt, as thoſe that are ſeated in the memory; which may be juſtly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, ſince this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happineſs, and examine it with reference to the ſenſes, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and inſipid do all objects accoſt us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of deluſion! how ſhrunk is every thing, as it appears in the glaſs of nature! ſo that if it were not for the aſſiſtance of artificial *mediums*, falſe lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinſel; there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were ſeriouſly conſidered by the world as I have a certain reaſon to ſuſpect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wiſdom the art of expo-

ſing weak ſides, and publiſhing infirmities; an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worſe than that of unmasking, which, I think, has never been allowed fair uſage, either in the world, or the play-houſe.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful poſſeſſion of the mind, than curioſity; ſo far preferable is that wiſdom, which converſes about the ſurface, to that pretended philoſophy, which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and diſcoveries, that in the inſide they are good for nothing. The two ſenſes, to which all objects firſt addreſs themſelves, are the ſight and the touch; theſe never examine farther than the colour, the ſhape, the ſize, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward bodies; and then comes reaſon officiouſly with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonſtrate, that they are not of the ſame conſiſtence quite through. Now I take all this to be the laſt degree of perverting nature; one of whoſe eternal laws it is, to put her beſt furniture forwards. And therefore, in order to ſave the charges of all ſuch expenſive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that in ſuch concluſions as theſe, reaſon is certainly in the right; and that in moſt corporeal beings, which have fallen under my cogni-

zance, the outſide hath been infinitely preferable to the in: whereof I have been farther convinced from ſome late experiments. Laſt week I ſaw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe, how much it altered her perſon for the worſe. Yeſterday I ordered the carcaſe of a *beau* to be ſtripped in my preſence; when we were all amazed to find ſo many unſuſpected faults under one ſuit of cloaths. Then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his ſpleen: but I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increaſe upon us in number and bulk: from all which, I juſtly formed this concluſion to myſelf; that whatever philoſopher or projector can find out an art to ſolder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deſerve much better of mankind, and teach us a more uſeful ſcience, than that ſo much in preſent eſteem, of widening and expoſing them, like him, who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of phyſick. And he, whoſe fortunes and diſpoſitions have placed him in a convenient ſtation to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can with *Epicurus* content his ideas with the films and images, that fly off upon his ſenſes from the ſuperficies of things; ſuch a man, truly wiſe, creams off nature, leaving the ſour and the dregs for philoſophy and reaſon to lap up. This is the ſublime and refined point of felicity, called the poſſeſſion of being well deceived; the

ſerene peaceful ſtate of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to madneſs. It is certain, that according to the ſyſtem I have above deduced, every *ſpecies* thereof proceeds from a redundancy of vapours; therefore, as ſome kinds of phrenzy give double ſtrength to the ſinews, ſo there are of other *ſpecies*, which add vigour, and life, and ſpirit to the brain: now, it uſually happens, that theſe active ſpirits, getting poſſeſſion of the brain, reſemble thoſe that haunt other waſt and empty dwellings, which for want of buſineſs either vaniſh, and carry away a piece of the houſe, or elſe ſtay at home and fling it all out of the windows. By which are myſtically diſplayed the two principal branches of madneſs, and which ſome philoſophers, not conſidering ſo well as I, have miſtaken to be different in their cauſes, overhaſtily aſſigning the firſt to deficiency, and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifeſt, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and addreſs is to furniſh employment for this redundancy of vapour, and prudently to adjuſt the ſeaſon of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man chuſing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulph, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the ſaver of his country; another at-

chieves the ſame enterprize, but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madneſs fixed as a reproach upon his memory; upon ſo nice a diſtinction are we taught to repeat the name of *Curtius* with reverence and love; that of *Empedocles* with hatred and contempt. Thus alſo it is uſually conceived, that the elder Brutus only perſonated the fool and mad-man for the good of the publick; but this was nothing elſe, than a redundancy of the ſame vapour long miſapplied, called by the Latins, (a) *Ingenium par negotiis;* or, to tranſlate it as nearly as I can, a ſort of phrenzy, never in its right element, till you take it up in the buſineſs of the ſtate.

Upon all which, and many other reaſons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long ſought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Chriſtopher Muſgrave, Sir John Bowls, John How, Eſq; and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commiſſioners to inſpect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent; who ſhall be impowered to ſend for perſons, papers, and records; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every ſtudent and profeſſor; to obſerve with utmoſt exactneſs their ſeveral

(a) Tacit.

diſpoſitions and behaviour; by which means, duly diſtinguiſhing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable inſtruments for the ſeveral offices in a ſtate, (*a*) . . . . . civil and military; proceeding in ſuch methods as I ſhall here humbly propoſe. And, I hope the gentle reader will give ſome allowance to my great ſolicitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high eſteem I have borne that honourable ſociety, whereof I had ſome time the happineſs to be an unworthy member.

Is any ſtudent tearing his ſtraw in piecemeal, ſwearing and blaſpheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his piſſpot in the ſpectator's faces? let the right worſhipful the commiſſioners of inſpection give him a regiment of dragoons, and ſend him into Flanders among the reſt. Is another eternally talking, ſputtering, gaping, bawling in a ſound without period or article? what wonderful talents are here miſlaid! let him be furniſhed immediately with a green bag and papers, and (*b*) three pence in his pocket, and away with him to Weſtminſter-hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimenſions of his kennel; a perſon of foreſight and inſight,

(*a*) Eccleſiaſtical.

(*b*) A lawyer's coach-hire, when four together, from any of the inns of court to Weſtminſter.

though kept quite in the dark; for why, like *Moſes*, *ecce* (*a*) *cornuta erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in one pace, intreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and the whore of Babylon; bars up the wooden window of his cell conſtantly at eight a-clock: dreams of fire, and ſhop-lifters, and court-cuſtomers, and privileged places. Now, what a figure would all theſe acquirements amount to, if the owner were ſent into the city among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep converſation with himſelf, biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with buſineſs and deſign; ſometimes walking very faſt, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands: a great ſaver of time, ſomewhat thick of hearing, very short of ſight, but more of memory: a man ever in haſte, a great hatcher and breeder of buſineſs, and excellent at the famous art of whiſpering nothing: a huge idolater of monoſyllables and procraſtination; ſo ready to give his word to every body, that he never keeps it: one that has forgot the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the ſound: extremely ſubject to the looſeneſs, for his occaſions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals; Sir, ſays he,

(*a*) *Cornutus* is either horned or ſhining, and by this term *Moſes* is deſcribed in the vulgar Latin of the bible.

give me a penny, and I'll ſing you a ſong: but give me the penny firſt. (Hence comes the common ſaying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a ſong). What a compleat ſyſtem of court-skill is here deſcribed in every branch of it, and all utterly loſt with wrong application! Accoſt the hole of another kennel (firſt ſtopping your noſe) you will behold a ſurly, gloomy, naſty, ſlovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The beſt part of his diet is the reverſion of his own ordure, which, expiring into ſteams, whirls perpetually about, and at laſt re-infunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin ſcattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its firſt declination; like other inſects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their ſmell. The ſtudent of this apartment is very ſparing of his words, but ſome-what over-liberal of his breath; he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think, the ſociety of *Warwick-lane* ſhould have no more concern for the recovery of ſo uſeful a member, who, if one may judge from theſe appearances, would become the greateſt ornament to that illuſtrious body? Another ſtudent ſtruts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half ſqueezing out his eyes, and very

very graciouſly holds you out his hand to kiſs. The keeper deſires you not to be afraid of this profeſſor, for he will do you no hurt: to him alone is allowed the liberty of the anti-chamber, and the orator of the place gives you to underſtand, that this ſolemn perſon is a taylor run mad with pride. This conſiderable ſtudent is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at preſent I ſhall not farther enlarge. —— (a) Hark in your ear ——I am ſtrangely miſtaken, if all his addreſs, his motions, and his airs would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I ſhall not deſcend ſo minutely, as to inſiſt upon the vaſt number of beaux, fidlers, poets, and politicians, that the world might recover by ſuch a reformation: but what is more material, beſides the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth by ſo large an acquiſition of perſons to employ, whoſe talents and acquirements, if I may be ſo bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at leaſt miſapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the publick from this enquiry, that all theſe would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their ſeveral kinds; which, I think, is manifeſt from what I have already ſhewn, and ſhall inforce by this one plain inſtance; that,

(a) I cannot conjecture what the author means here, or how this chaſm could be filled, though it is capable of more than one interpretation.

even I myſelf, the author of theſe momentous truths, am a perſon, whoſe imaginations are hard-mouthed and exceedingly diſpoſed to run away with his reaſon, which I have obſerved from long experience to be a very light rider, and eaſily ſhaken off; upon which account, my friends will never truſt me alone, without a ſolemn promiſe to vent my ſpeculations in this, or the like manner, for the univerſal benefit of human kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that modern charity and tenderneſs uſually annexed to his office, will be very hardly perſuaded to believe.

SECT. X.

A FURTHER DIGRESSION (*a*).

IT is an unanſwerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have paſſed of late years between the nations of authors, and that of readers. There can hardly (*b*) pop out a play, a pamphlet, or a poem, without a preface full of acknowledgment to the world for the general reception and applauſe they have given it, which the lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. In due deference to ſo laudable a cuſtom, I do here return my humble thanks to his majeſty, and both houſes of parliament; to the lords of the king's moſt honourable privy-council; to the reverend the judges; to the clergy, and gentry, and yeomanry of this land: but in a more eſpecial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at Will's coffee-houſe, and Greſham-college, and Warwick-lane, and Moor-fields, and Scotland-yard, and Weſtminſter-hall, and

(*a*) This ſection has in former editions been intitled, *A Tale of a Tub*; but the tale not being continued till Section XI. and this being only a further digreſſion, no apology can be thought neceſſary for making the title correſpond with the contents.

(*b*) This is literally true, as we may obſerve in the prefaces to moſt plays, poems, &c.

Guild-hall: in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatſoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country; for their generous and univerſal acceptance of this divine treatiſe. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude, and, to the utmoſt of my poor capacity, ſhall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I AM alſo happy, that fate has flung me into ſo bleſſed an age for the mutual felicity of bookſellers and authors, whom I may ſafely affirm to be at this day the two only ſatisfied parties in England. Ask an author how his laſt piece hath ſucceeded: why, truly, he thanks his ſtars, the world has been very favourable, and he has not the leaſt reaſon to complain: and yet, by G—, he writ it in a week at bits and ſtarts, when he could ſteal an hour from his urgent affairs. As it is a hundred to one, you may ſee farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the reſt to the bookſeller. There you go as a cuſtomer, and make the ſame queſtion: he bleſſes his God the thing takes wonderfully, he is juſt printing the ſecond edition, and has but three left in his ſhop. You beat down the price: Sir: we ſhall not differ; and in hopes of your cuſtom another time, lets you have it as reaſonable as you pleaſe; and, pray ſend as many of your acquaintance as you

will, I ſhall upon your account furniſh them all at the ſame rate.

Now, it is not well enough conſidered, to what accidents and occaſions the world is indebted for the greateſt part of thoſe noble writings, which hourly ſtart up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the ſpleen, a courſe of phyſick, a ſleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long taylor's bill, a beggar's purſe, a factious head, a hot ſun, coſtive diet, want of books, and a juſt contempt of learning: but for theſe events, I ſay, and ſome others too long to recite (eſpecially a prudent neglect of taking brimſtone inwardly) I doubt, the number of authors, and of writings, would dwindle away to a degree moſt woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte philoſopher: It is certain (ſaid he) ſome grains of folly are of courſe annexed as part of the compoſition of human nature, only the choice is left us, whether we pleaſe to wear them inlaid or emboſſed: and we need not go very far to ſeek how that is uſually determined, when we remember, it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lighteſt will be ever at the top.

THERE is in this famous iſland of Britain a certain paultry ſcribbler, very voluminous, whoſe character the reader cannot wholly be

a ſtranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called ſecond parts, and uſually paſſes under the name of the author of the firſt. I eaſily foreſee, that as ſoon as I lay down my pen, this nimble operator will have ſtolen it, and treat me as inhumanly as he hath already done Dr. Blackmore, l'Eſtrange, and many others, who ſhall here be nameleſs; I therefore fly for juſtice and relief into the hands of that great rectifier of ſaddles *a*), and lover of mankind, Dr. Bentley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his moſt modern conſideration: and if it ſhould ſo happen, that the furniture of an aſs, in the ſhape of a ſecond part, muſt for my ſins be clapped by a miſtake upon my back, that he will immediately pleaſe, in the preſence of the world, to lighten me of the burthen, and take it home to his own houſe, till the true beaſt thinks fit to call for it.

In the mean time I do here give this public notice, that my reſolutions are to circumſcribe within this diſcourſe the whole ſtock of matter I have been ſo many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhauſt it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the univerſal benefit of mankind. Therefore hoſpitably conſidering the number of my gueſts,

(*a*) Alluding to the trite phraſe, Place the ſaddle on the right horſe.

they ſhall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I ſcorn to ſet up the leavings in the cupboard. What the gueſts cannot eat, may be given to the poor; and the (*a*) dogs under the table may gnaw the bones. This I underſtand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's ſtomach by inviting them again to-morrow to a ſcurvy meal of ſcraps.

If the reader fairly conſiders the ſtrength of what I have advanced in the foregoing ſection, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatiſe. Readers may be divided into three claſſes, the ſuperficial, the ignorant, and the learned: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The ſuperficial reader will be ſtrangely provoked to laughter; which clears the breaſt and the lungs, is ſovereign againſt the ſpleen, and the moſt innocent of all diureticks. The ignorant reader, between whom and the former the diſtinction is extremely nice, will find himſelf diſpoſed to ſtare; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, ſerves to raiſe and enliven the ſpirits, and

(*a*) By dogs, the author means common injudicious criticks, as he explains it himſelf before in his digreſſion upon criticks, p. 111.

wonderfully helps perſpiration. But the reader truly learned, chiefly for whoſe benefit I wake when others ſleep, and ſleep when others wake, will here find ſufficient matter to employ his ſpeculations for the reſt of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propoſe for an experiment, that every prince in chriſtendom will take ſeven of the deepeſt ſcholars in his dominions, and shut them up cloſe for ſeven years, in ſeven chambers, with a command to write ſeven ample commentaries on this comprehenſive diſcourſe. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their ſeveral conjectures, they will be all, without the leaſt diſtortion, manifeſtly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earneſt requeſt, that ſo uſeful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their majeſties pleaſe, with all convenient ſpeed; becauſe I have a ſtrong inclination, before I leave the world, to taſte a bleſſing, which we myſterious writers can ſeldom reach, till we have gotten into our graves; whether it is, that fame, being a fruit graffed on the body, can hardly grow, and much leſs ripen, till the ſtock is in the earth: or, whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured among the reſt to purſue after the ſcent of a carcaſs: or, whether she conceives, her trumpet ſounds beſt and fartheſt, when she ſtands on a tomb, by the advantage of a riſing ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

IT is true, indeed, the republick of dark authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For, night being the univerſal mother of things, wiſe philoſophers hold all writings to be fruitful in the proportion they are dark; and therefore, the (*a*) true illuminated (that is to ſay, the darkeſt of all) have met with ſuch numberleſs commentators, whoſe ſcholaſtic midwifery hath delivered them of meanings, that the authors themſelves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very juſtly be allowed the lawful parents of them (*b*), the words of ſuch writers being like ſeed, which, however ſcattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the ſower.

AND therefore in order to promote ſo uſeful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few *innuendo*'s, that may be of great aſſiſtance

(*a*) A name of the Roſycrucians. Theſe were fanatic alchymiſts, who in ſearch after the great ſecret had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end; it was a kind of theological philoſophy, made up of almoſt equal mixtures of Pagan platoniſm, Chriſtian quietiſm, and the Jewish cabbala. Warburton on the Rape of the Lock.

(*b*) Nothing is more frequent, than for commentators to force interpretations, which the author never meant.

to thoſe ſublime ſpirits, who ſhall be appointed to labour in a univerſal comment upon this wonderful diſcourſe. And firſt, (*a*) I have couched a very profound myſtery in the number of O's multiplied by ſeven, and divided by nine. Alſo, if a devout brother of the roſy croſs will pray fervently for ſixty three mornings, with a lively faith, and then tranſpoſe certain letters and ſyllables according to preſcription in the ſecond and fifth ſection; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Laſtly, whoever will be at the pains to cultivate the whole number of each letter in this treatiſe, and ſum up the difference exactly between the ſeveral numbers, aſſigning the true natural cauſe for every ſuch difference; the diſcoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he muſt beware of (*b*) Bythus and Sigé, and be

(*a*) This is what the cabbaliſts among the Jews have done with the bible, and pretend to find wonderful myſteries by it.

(*b*) I was told by an eminent divine, whom I conſulted on this point, that theſe two barbarous words, with that of Achamoth, and its qualities, as here ſet down, are quoted from *Irenæus*. This he diſcovered by ſearching that ancient writer for another quotation of our author, which he has placed in the title page, and refers to the book and chapter; the curious were very inquiſitive, whether thoſe barbarous words, *baſyma cacabaſa*, *&c.* are really in *Irenæus*, and upon enquiry, it was found they were a ſort of cant or jargon of certain hereticks, and

ſure not to forget the qualities of Achamoth; *à cujus lacrymis humectata prodit ſubſtantia, à riſu lucida, à triſtitia ſolida, & à timore mobilis;* wherein (*a*) Eugenius Philalethes hath committed an unpardonable miſtake.

therefore very properly prefixed to ſuch a book as this of our author.

(*a*) *Vid. Anima magica abſcondita.*

To the above mentioned treatiſe, called *Anthroposophia Theo-magica*, there is another annexed, called *Anima magica abſcondita*, written by the ſame author, Vaughan, under the name of *Eugenius Philalethes*, but in neither of thoſe treatiſes is there any mention of Achamoth, or its qualities, ſo that this is nothing but amuſement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words, *à cujus lacrymis*, &c. are, as we have ſaid, tranſcribed from *Irenæus*, though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's deſigns was to ſet curious men a hunting through indexes, and enquiring for books out of the common road.

SECT. XI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

AFTER ſo wide a compaſs as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and cloſe in with my ſubject, and ſhall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except ſome beautiful proſpect appears within ſight of my way; whereof though at preſent I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon ſuch an accident, come when it will, I ſhall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myſelf. For in writing, it is as in travelling; if a man is in haſte to be at home (which I acknowledge to be none of my caſe, having never ſo little buſineſs, as when I am there) if his horſe be tired with long riding, and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I adviſe him clearly to make the ſtraiteſt and the commoneſt road, be it ever ſo dirty: but then ſurely we muſt own ſuch a man to be a ſcurvy companion at beſt; he ſpatters himſelf and his fellow-travellers at every ſtep: all their thoughts, and wiſhes, and converſation, turn entirely upon the ſubject of their journey's end; and at every ſplash and plunge, and ſtumble, they heartily wiſh one another at the devil.

ON the other ſide, when a traveller and his horſe are in heart and plight; when his purſe

is full, and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can; but, upon the firſt occaſion, carries them along with him to every delightful ſcene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuſe, out of ſtupidity or wearineſs; let them jog on by themſelves and be d—n'd; he'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiouſly through; the men, women and children run out to gaze; a hundred (*a*) noiſy curs run barking after him, of which if he honours the boldeſt with a laſh of his whip, it is rather out of ſport than revenge: but ſhould ſome ſourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a ſalute on the chaps by an accidental ſtroke from the courſer's heels, nor is any ground loſt by the blow, which ſends him yelping and limping home.

I NOW proceed to ſum up the ſingular adventures of my renowned Jack; the ſtate of whoſe diſpoſitions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, moſt exactly remember, as I laſt parted with them in the concluſion of a former ſection. Therefore his next care muſt be from two of the foregoing to extract a ſcheme of notions, that may beſt fit

(*a*) By theſe are meant what the author calls, the true criticks, page 111.

his underſtanding for a true relish of what is to enſue.

JACK had not only calculated the firſt revolution of his brain ſo prudently, as to give riſe to that epidemic ſect of Æoliſts, but ſucceeding alſo into a new and ſtrange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulneſs of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their myſteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting ſuch material paſſages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading, and shall deſcribe them as graphically as it is poſſible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compaſs of a pen. Nor do I at all queſtion but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for ſuch, whoſe converting imaginations diſpoſe them to reduce all things into types; who can make shadows, no thanks to the ſun; and then mould them into ſubſtances, no thanks to philoſophy; whoſe peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and myſtery.

JACK had provided a fair copy of his father's will, engroſſed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and reſolving to act the

part of a moſt dutiful ſon, he became the fondeſt creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it conſiſted wholly in certain plain, eaſy directions about the management and wearing their coats, with legacies and penalties in caſe of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore muſt needs have a great deal more of myſtery at the bottom. Gentlemen, ſaid he, I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the philoſopher's ſtone, and the univerſal medicine. (*a*) In conſequence of which raptures, he reſolved to make uſe of it in the moſt neceſſary, as well as the moſt paltry occaſions of life. He had a way of working it into any ſhape he pleaſed; ſo that it ſerved him for a night-cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a ſore toe, or, when he had fits, burn two inches under his noſe; or, if any thing lay heavy on his ſtomach, ſcrape off, and ſwallow as much of the powder as would lie on a ſilver penny: they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to theſe refinements, his common talk and converſation (*b*) ran

(*a*) The author here laſhes thoſe pretenders to purity, who place ſo much merit in uſing ſcripture phraſes on all occaſions.

(*b*) The proteſtant diſſenters uſe ſcripture phraſes in their ſerious diſcourſes and compoſures, more

wholly in the phraſe of his will, and he circumſcribed the utmoſt of his eloquence within that compaſs, not daring to let ſlip a ſyllable without authority from thence. Once, at a ſtrange houſe, he was ſuddenly taken ſhort upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that ſuddenneſs the occaſion required, an authentic phraſe for demanding the way to the backſide, he choſe rather, as the moſt prudent courſe, to incur the penalty in ſuch caſes uſually annexed. Neither was it poſſible for the united rhetorick of mankind to prevail with him to make himſelf clean again; becauſe, having conſulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a (*a*) paſſage near the bottom,

than the church-of-England men; accordingly Jack is introduced, making his common talk and converſation to run wholly in the phraſe of his WILL. W. Wotton.

(*a*) I cannot gueſs the author's meaning here, which, I would be very glad to know, becauſe it ſeems to be of importance.

Ibid. Incurring the penalty in ſuch caſes uſually annexed, wants no explanation. He would not make himſelf clean, becauſe having conſulted the will (i. e. the New Teſtament) he met with a paſſage near the bottom, i. e. in the 11th verſe of the laſt Chapter of the Revelations, « He which is filthy, » let him be filthy ſtill » which ſeemed to forbid it. Whether foiſted in by the tranſcriber, is added; becauſe this paragraph is wanting in the Alexandrian MS. the oldeſt and moſt authentic copy of the New Teſtament.

(whether foiſted in by the tranſcriber, is not known) which ſeemed to forbid it.

HE made it a part of his religion never to ſay (*a*) grace to his meat, nor could all the world perſuade him, as the common phraſe is, to (*b*) eat his victuals like a Chriſtian.

HE bore a ſtrong kind of appetite to (*c*) ſnap-dragon, and to the livid ſnuffs of a burning candle, which he would catch and ſwallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and by this procedure maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which iſſuing in a glowing ſteam from both his eyes, as well as his noſtrils, and his mouth, made his head appear in a dark night like the ſkull of an aſs, wherein a roguiſh boy had conveyed a farthing candle, to the terror of his majeſty's liege ſubjects. Therefore he made uſe of no other expedient to light himſelf home, but was wont to ſay, that a wiſe man was his own lantern.

(*a*) The ſlovenly way of receiving the ſacrament among the fanaticks.

(*b*) This is a common phraſe to expreſs eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective againſt that indecent manner among ſome people in receiving the ſacrament; ſo in the lines before, which is to be underſtood of the diſſenters refuſing to kneel at the ſacrament.

(*c*) I cannot well find out the author's meaning here, unleſs it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthuſiaſts.

HE would shut his eyes as he walked along the ſtreets, and if he happened to bounce his head againſt a poſt, or fall into the kennel, as he ſeldom miſſed either to do one or both, he would tell the gibing apprentices, who looked on, that he ſubmitted with entire reſignation, as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wreſtle or to cuff; and whoever durſt undertake to do either, would be ſure to come off with a ſwinging fall, or a bloody noſe. It was ordained, ſaid he, ſome few days before the creation, that my noſe and this very poſt ſhould have a rencounter; and therefore, nature thought fit to ſend us both into the world in the ſame age, and to make us country-men, and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely, the buſineſs might have been a great deal worſe; for how many a confounded ſlip is daily got by man, with all his foreſight about him? beſides the eyes of the underſtanding ſee beſt, when thoſe of the ſenſes are out of the way; and therefore, blind men are obſerved to tread their ſteps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than thoſe who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the viſual nerve, which every little accident ſhakes out of order, and a drop, or a film can wholly diſconcert; like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies; when they ſcour the ſtreets, expoſing its owner, and

itſelf, to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have eſcaped, if the vanity of appearing would have ſuffered them to walk in the dark. But farther; if we examine the conduct of theſe boaſted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worſe than their fortune. It is true, I have broke my noſe againſt this poſt, becauſe fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But, let not this encourage either the preſent age or poſterity to truſt their noſes into the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the faireſt way of loſing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides; miſerable guardians are ye of our frail noſes; ye, I ſay, who faſten upon the firſt precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you to the very brink of deſtruction: but, alas! that brink is rotten, our feet ſlip, and we tumble down prone into a gulph, without one hoſpitable ſhrub in the way to break the fall; a fall, to which not any noſe of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant (*a*) Laurcalco, who was lord of the ſilver bridge. Moſt properly therefore, O eyes, and with great juſtice, may you be compared to thoſe foolish lights, which conduct men through dirt and darkneſs, 'till they fall into a deep pit, or a noiſom bog.

(*a*) *Vide* Quixote.

THIS I have produced, as a ſcantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reaſoning upon ſuch abſtruſe matters.

HE was, beſides, a perſon of great deſign and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who hath ſince met with a vaſt number of worſhippers; by ſome called Babel, by others, Chaos; who had an ancient temple of Gothic ſtructure upon Salisbury-plain, famous for its ſhrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

(*a*) When he had ſome roguiſh trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midſt of the kennel. Then it was that thoſe, who underſtood his pranks, would be ſure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curioſity attracted ſtrangers to laugh, or to liſten, he would of a ſudden with one hand out with his gear, and piſs full in their eyes, and with the other all beſpatter them with mud.

(*b*) In winter he went always looſe and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as poſſible, to let

(*a*) The villanies and cruelties, committed by enthuſiaſts and fanaticks among us, were all performed under the diſguiſe of religion and long prayers.

(*b*) They affected differences in habit and behaviour.

in the ambient heat; and in ſummer lapped himſelf cloſe and thick to keep it out.

(*a*) IN all revolutions of government, he would make his court for the office of hangman general; and in the exerciſe of that dignity, wherein he was very dextrous, would make uſe of no (*b*) other vizard, than a long prayer.

HE had a tongue ſo muſculous and ſubtil, that he could twiſt it up into his noſe, and deliver a ſtrange kind of ſpeech from thence. He was alſo the firſt in theſe kingdoms, who began to improve the Spaniſh accompliſhment of braying; and having large ears, perpetually expoſed and arrected, he carried his art to ſuch a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to diſtinguiſh, either by the view or the ſound, between the original and the copy.

HE was troubled with a diſeaſe, reverſe to that called the ſtinging of the *tarantula*; and would (*c*) run dog-mad at the noiſe of muſick,

(*a*) They are ſevere perſecutors, and all in a form of cant and devotion.

(*b*) Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, to ſeek God, when they reſolved to murther the king.

(*c*) This is to expoſe our diſſenters averſion againſt inſtrumental muſick in churches. W. Wotton.

eſpecially a pair of bag-pipes. But he would cure himſelf again by taking two or three turns in Weſtminſter-hall, or Billingſgate, or in a boarding ſchool, or the Royal-exchange, or a State coffee houſe.

He was a perſon that (*a*) feared no colours, but mortally hated all, and upon that account bore a cruel averſion againſt painters; inſomuch that in his paroxyſms, as he walked the ſtreets, he would have his pockets loaden with ſtones to pelt at the ſigns.

Having, from this manner of living, frequent occaſion to waſh himſelf, he would often leap over head and ears into water (*b*), though it were in the midſt of the winter, but was always obſerved to come out again much dirtier, if poſſible, than he went in.

He was the firſt, that ever found out the ſecret of contriving a (*c*) ſoporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears; it was a compound of ſulphur, and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's ſalve.

(*a*) They quarrel at the moſt innocent decency and ornament, and defaced the ſtatues and paintings on all the churches in England.

(*b*) Baptiſm of adults by plunging.

(*c*) Fanatic preaching, compoſed either of hell and damnation, or a fulſome deſcription of the joys of heaven, both in ſuch a dirty, nauſeous ſtyle, as to be well reſembled to pilgrim's ſalve.

HE wore a large plaiſter of artificial cauſticks on his ſtomach, with the fervour of which he could ſet himſelf a groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

(a) HE would ſtand in the turning of a ſtreet, and, calling thoſe who paſſed by, would cry to one, Worthy Sir, do me the honour of a good ſlap in the chaps. To another, Honeſt friend, pray favour me with a handſome kick on the arſe: Madam, ſhall I intreat a ſmall box on the ear from your ladyſhip's fair hands? Noble captain lend a reaſonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over theſe poor ſhoulders. And when he had, by ſuch earneſt ſolicitations, made a ſhift to procure a baſting ſufficient to ſwell up his fancy and his ſides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. Obſerve this ſtroke, (ſaid he, ſhewing his bare ſhoulders) a plaguy janizary gave it me this very morning at ſeven a-clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the great Turk. Neighbours, mind, this broken head deſerves a plaiſter; had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have ſeen the pope, and the French king, long

(a) The fanaticks have always had a way of affecting to run into perſecution, and count vaſt merit upon every little hardſhip they ſuffer.

before this time of day, among your wives and your ware-houſes. Dear chriſtians, the Great Mogul was come as far as White-chapel, and you may thank theſe poor ſides, that he hath not (God bleſs us) already ſwallowed up man, woman, and child.

(*a*) IT was highly worth obſerving, the ſingular effects of that averſion, or antipathy, which Jack and his brother Peter ſeemed, even to an affectation, to bear againſt each other. Peter had lately done ſome rogueries, that forced him to abſcond; and he ſeldom ventured to ſtir out before night for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two moſt diſtant parts of the town from each other; and whenever their occaſions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddeſt unlikely times, and moſt uncouth rounds, they could invent, that they might be ſure to avoid one another: yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet.

(*a*) The papiſts and fanaticks, though they appear the moſt averſe againſt each other, yet bear a near reſemblance in many things, as hath been obſerved by learned men.

Ibid. The agreement of our diſſenters and the papiſts, in that which biſhop Stillingfleet called, the fanaticiſm of the church of Rome is ludicrouſly deſcribed for ſeveral pages together, by Jack's likeneſs to Peter, and their being often miſtaken for each other, and their frequent meetings when they leaſt intended it. W. Wotton.

The

The reaſon of which is eaſy enough to apprehend; for, the phrenzy and the ſpleen of both having the ſame foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compaſſes, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the ſame center; which, though moving contrary ways at firſt, will be ſure to encounter ſomewhere or other in the circumference. Beſides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack to bear a huge perſonal reſemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and diſpoſitions were not only the ſame, but there was a cloſe analogy in their shape and ſize, and their mean. Inſomuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to ſeize Jack by the ſhoulders, and cry, Mr. Peter, you are the king's priſoner. Or, at other times, for one of Peter's neareſt friends to accoſt Jack with open arms, Dear Peter, I am glad to ſee thee; pray ſend me one of your beſt medicines for the worms. This, we may ſuppoſe, was a mortifying return of thoſe pains and proceedings, Jack had laboured in ſo long; and finding, how directly oppoſite all his endeavours had anſwered to the ſole end and intention, which he had propoſed to himſelf; how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart ſo furniſhed as his? However, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the puniſhment; the orient ſun never entered upon his diurnal progreſs without miſſing a piece of it. He hired a taylor to ſtitch up the collar ſo

cloſe, that it was ready to choak him, and ſqueezed out his eyes at ſuch a rate, as one could ſee nothing but the white. What little was left of the main ſubſtance of the coat, he rubbed every day for two hours againſt a rough-caſt wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but at the ſame time went on with ſo much violence, that he proceeded a heathen philoſopher. Yet after all he could do of this kind, the ſucceſs continued ſtill to diſappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags, to bear a kind of mock reſemblance to finery; there being a ſort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be diſtinguished at a diſtance, in the dark, or by short-ſighted eyes: ſo, in thoſe junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the firſt view a ridiculous flaunting, which, aſſiſting the reſemblance in perſon and air, thwarted all his projects of ſeparation, and left ſo near a ſimilitude between them, as frequently deceived the very diſciples and followers of both. . . . .

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Deſunt non- . . . . . .

nulla. . . . . . .

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THE old Sclavonian proverb ſaid well, that It is with men, as with aſſes; whoever would keep them faſt, muſt find a very good hold

at their ears. Yet I think, we may affirm, that it hath been verified by repeated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc ſceleratus vincula Proteus.

IT is good therefore, to read the maxims of our anceſtors with great allowances to times and perſons; for, if we look into primitive records, we ſhall find, that no revolutions have been ſo great, or ſo frequent, as thoſe of human ears. In former days, there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may juſtly reckon among the *artes perditæ*: and how can it be otherwiſe, when in theſe latter centuries the very ſpecies is not only diminiſhed to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is alſo degenerated ſo far, as to mock our skilfuleſt tenure? For, if the only ſlitting of one ear in a ſtag hath been found ſufficient to propagate the defect through a whole foreſt; why ſhould we wonder at the greateſt conſequences from ſo many loppings and mutilations, to which the ears of our fathers, and our own, have been of late ſo much expoſed. It is true indeed that, while this iſland of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears once more among us. The proportion of largeneſs was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward. Beſides, it is held by naturaliſts, that

if there be a protuberancy of parts, in the ſuperior region of the body, as in the ears and noſe, there muſt be a parity alſo in the inferior: and therefore in that truly pious age the males in every aſſembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in expoſing their ears to view, and the regions about them; becauſe (*a*) Hippocrates tells us, that when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch: and the females were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them: whereof thoſe who had already uſed the means, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a ſuitable offspring by ſuch a proſpect: others, who ſtood candidates for benevolence, found there a plentiful choice, and were ſure to fix upon ſuch as diſcovered the largeſt ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Laſtly, the devouter ſiſters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member, as protruſions of zeal, or ſpiritual excreſcencies, were ſure to honour every head they ſat upon, as if they had been marks of grace; but eſpecially, that of the preacher, whoſe ears were uſually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in expoſing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical paroxyſms turning ſometimes to hold forth the one, and ſometimes to hold forth the other: from which

(*a*) Lib. de aëre, locis & aquis.

cuſtom, the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their profeſſors, ſtiled by the phraſe of holding forth.

SUCH was the progreſs of the ſaints for advancing the ſize of that member; and it is thought, the ſucceſs would have been every way anſwerable, if, in proceſs of time, a (*a*) cruel king had not aroſe, who raiſed a bloody perſecution againſt all ears above a certain ſtandard: upon which, ſome were glad to hide their flouriſhing ſprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a periwig; ſome were ſlit, others cropped, and a great number ſliced off to the ſtumps. But of this more hereafter in my general hiſtory of ears; which I deſign very ſpeedily to beſtow upon the publick.

FROM this brief ſurvey of the falling ſtate of ears in the laſt age, and the ſmall care had to advance their ancient growth in the preſent, it is manifeſt, how little reaſon we can have to rely upon a hold ſo ſhort, ſo weak, and ſo ſlippery; and that whoever deſires to catch mankind faſt, muſt have recourſe to ſome other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumſpection enough, may diſcover ſeveral handles, whereof the (*b*)

(*a*) This was king Charles the Second, who, at his reſtauration, turned out all the diſſenting teachers that would not conform.

(*b*) Including Scaliger's.

ſix ſenſes afford one apiece, beſide a great number that are ſcrewed to the paſſions, and ſome few rivered to the intellect. Among theſe laſt curioſity is one, and, of all others, affords the firmeſt graſp: curioſity, that ſpur in the ſide, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the noſe, of a lazy and impatient, and a grunting reader. By this handle it is, that an author ſhould ſeize upon his readers; which as ſoon as he hath once compaſſed, all reſiſtance and ſtruggling are in vain; and they become his priſoners as cloſe as he pleaſes, till wearineſs or dulneſs force him to let go his gripe.

AND therefore, I, the author of this miraculous treatiſe, having hitherto beyond expectation maintained by the aforeſaid handle a firm hold upon my gentle readers; it is with great reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my graſp; leaving them in the peruſal of what remains to that natural oſcitancy inherent in the tribe. I can only aſſure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappineſs in loſing, or miſlaying among my papers the remaining part of theſe memoirs; which conſiſted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and ſurpriſing; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taſte of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmoſt endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few

of the heads. Under which, there was a full account, how Peter got a protection out of the King's bench; and of a (*a*) reconcilement between Jack and him, upon a deſign they had in a certain rainy night to trepan brother Martin into a ſpunging-houſe, and there ſtrip him to the skin. How Martin, with much ado, ſhewed them both a fair pair of heels. How a new warrant came out againſt Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, ſtole his protection, and made uſe of it himſelf. How Jack's tatters came into faſhion in court and city; how he got (*b*) upon a great horſe, and eat (*c*) cuſtard. But the particulars of all theſe with ſeveral others, which have

(*a*) In the reign of king James the Second, the presbyterians by the king's invitation joined with the papiſt, againſt the church of England, and addreſſed him for repeal of the penal laws and teſt. The king, by his diſpenſing power, gave liberty of conſcience, which both papiſts and presbyterians made uſe of; but, upon the revolution, the papiſts being down of courſe, the presbyterians freely continued their aſſemblies, by virtue of king James's indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This I believe the author means by Jack's ſtealing Peter's protection, and making uſe of it himſelf.

(*b*) Sir Humphrey Edwyn, a presbyterian, was ſome years ago lord-mayor of London, and had the inſolence to go in his formalities to a conventicle, with the enſigns of his office.

(*c*) Cuſtard is a famous dish at a lord-mayor's feaſt.

now ſlid out of my memory, are loſt beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they ſhall find it to agree with their ſeveral conſtitutions; but conjuring them by all the friendſhip that hath paſſed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed ſo far as to injure their healths for an accident paſt remedy; I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer, and therefore, by a courtly modern, leaſt of all others to be omitted.

GOING too long is a cauſe of abortion as effectual, though not ſo frequent, as going too ſhort; and holds true eſpecially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble (*a*) jeſuit, who firſt adventured to confeſs in print, that books muſt be ſuited to their ſeveral ſeaſons, like dreſs, and diet, and diverſions: and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this among other French modes. I am living faſt to ſee the time, when a book that miſſes its tide, ſhall be neglected, as the moon by day, or like mackarel a week after the ſeaſon. No man hath more nicely obſerved our climate, than the bookſeller who bought the copy of this work; he knows to a title, what ſubjects will beſt go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expoſe foremoſt, when the weather-glaſs is fallen to much rain. When he had ſeen this treatiſe, and conſulted his almanack upon it, he gave me to underſtand, that he had manifeſtly conſidered the two principal things, which were the bulk, and the ſubject; and found, it would never take, but after a long vacation, and then only, in caſe it ſhould happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I deſired to know, conſidering my urgent neceſſities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked

(*a*) Pere d'Orléans.

weſtward, and ſaid, I doubt we ſhall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare ſome pretty little banter (but not in verſe) or a ſmall treatiſe upon the —— it would run like wild-fire. But, if it hold up, I have already hired an author to write ſomething againſt Dr. Bentley, which I am ſure, will turn to account (*a*).

AT length we agreed upon this expedient; that, when a cuſtomer comes for one of theſe, and deſires in confidence to know the author; he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming which ever of the wits ſhall happen to be that week in vogue; and if Durfey's laſt play ſhould be in courſe, I had as lieve he may be the perſon as Congreve. This I mention, becauſe I am wonderfully well acquainted with the preſent relish of courteous readers; and have often obſerved with ſingular pleaſure, that a fly, driven from a honey-pot, will immediately with very good appetite alight, and finish his meal on an excrement.

I HAVE one word to ſay upon the ſubject of profound writers, who are grown very numerous of late; and, I know very well, the judicious world is reſolved to liſt me in that

(*a*) When Dr. Prideaux brought the copy of his connexion of the Old and New Teſtament to the bookſeller, he told him, it was a dry ſubject, and the printing could not ſafely be ventured unleſs he could enliven it with a little humour.

number. I conceive therefore, as to the buſineſs of being profound, that it is with writers, as with wells; a perſon with good eyes may ſee to the bottom of the deepeſt, provided any water be there; and often, when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, beſides dryneſs and dirt, though it be but a yard and half under ground, it ſhall paſs however for wondrous deep, upon no wiſer a reaſon than becauſe it is wondrous dark.

I AM now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors; which is, to write upon nothing: when the ſubject is utterly exhauſted to let the pen ſtill move on; by ſome called, the ghoſt of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to ſay the truth, there ſeems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of diſcerning when to have done. By the time that an author hath written out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintants, and grow very loth to part: ſo that I have ſometimes known it to be in writing, as in viſiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole converſation before. The concluſion of a treatiſe reſembles the concluſion of human life, which hath ſometimes been compared to the end of a feaſt; where few are ſatisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva:* for men will ſit down after the fulleſt meal, though it be only to doze, or to

ſleep out the reſt of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and ſhall be too proud, if, by all my labours, I can have any ways contributed to the repoſe of mankind in (*a*) times ſo turbulent and unquiet as theſe. Neither do I think ſuch an employment ſo very alien from the office of a wit, as ſome would ſuppoſe. For among a very polite nation in (*b*) Greece, there were the ſame temples built and conſecrated to ſleep and the muſes, between which two deities they believed the ſtricteſt friendſhip was eſtabliſhed.

I HAVE one concluding favour to requeſt of my reader; that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line, or every page of this diſcourſe; but give ſome allowance to the author's ſpleen, and ſhort fits or intervals of dulneſs, as well as his own; and lay it ſeriouſly to his conſcience, whether, if he were walking the ſtreets in dirty weather, or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their eaſe from a window to criticiſe his gait, and ridicule his dreſs at ſuch a juncture.

IN my diſpoſure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the

(*a*) This was written before the peace of Ryſwick, which was ſigned in Sept. 1697.

(*b*) Trexenii, Pauſan. l. 2.

maſter, and to give method, and reaſon, the office of its lacqueys. The cauſe of this diſtribution was, from obſerving it my peculiar caſe to be often under a temptation of being witty upon occaſions, where I could be neither wiſe nor ſound, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And, I am too much a ſervant of the modern way to neglect any ſuch opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have obſerved, that from a laborious collection of ſeven hundred thirty eight flowers, and shining hints of the beſt modern authors, digeſted with great reading into my book of common-places; I have not been able after five years to draw, hook, or force into common converſation any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of ſucceſs, by being dropped among unſuitable company; and the other coſt me ſo many ſtrains, and traps, and ambages to introduce, that I at length reſolved to give it over. Now, this diſappointment (to diſcover a ſecret) I muſt own, gave me the firſt hint of ſetting up for an author: and I have ſince found among ſome particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the ſame effects upon many others. For, I have remarked many a towardly word to be wholly neglected or deſpiſed in diſcourſe, which hath paſſed very ſmoothly, with ſome conſideration and eſteem, after its preferment

and ſanction in print. But now ſince by the liberty and encouragement of the preſs, I am grown abſolute maſter of the occaſions and opportunities, to expoſe the talents I have acquired; I already diſcover, that the iſſues of my *obſervanda* begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore, I ſhall here pauſe a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulſe, and my own, that it will be of abſolute neceſſity for us both, to reſume my pen.

FINIS.

A

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT,

OF THE

BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY,

BETWEEN THE

ANCIENT and the MODERN

BOOKS

IN

ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.

BRITISH MUSEUM
11
33
AUG

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE following diſcourſe, as it is unqueſtionably of the ſame author, ſo it ſeems to have been written about the ſame time with the former; I mean, the year 1697, when the famous diſpute was on foot about ancient and modern learning. The controverſy took its riſe from an eſſay of ſir William Temple's upon that ſubject; which was anſwered by W. Wotton, B. D. with an appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to deſtroy the credit of Æſop and Phalaris for authors, whom ſir William Temple had in the eſſay before-mentioned highly commended. In that appendix the doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the honourable Charles Boyle (now earl of Orrery) to which Mr. Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit; and the doctor voluminouſly rejoined. In this diſpute, the town highly reſented to ſee a perſon of ſir William Temple's character and merits roughly uſed by the two reverend gentlemen aforeſaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. James's library, looking upon themſelves as parties

principally concerned, took up the controverſy, and came to a deciſive battle; but the manuſcript by the injury of fortune or weather being in ſeveral places imperfect, we cannot learn to which ſide the victory fell.

I MUST warn the reader to beware of applying to perſons, what is here meant only of books in the moſt literal ſenſe. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to underſtand the perſon of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the ſaid poet: and ſo of the reſt.

THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

SATYR is a ſort of glaſs, wherein beholders do generally diſcover every body's face but their own; which is the chief reaſon for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that ſo very few are offended with it. But if it ſhould happen otherwiſe, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience never to apprehend miſchief from thoſe underſtandings, I have been able to provoke: for, anger and fury, though they add ſtrength to the ſinews of the body, yet are found to relax thoſe of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

THERE is a brain, that will endure but one ſcumming: let the owner gather it with diſcretion, and manage his little ſtock with huſbandry; but of all things let him beware of bringing it under the laſh of his betters; becauſe, that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new ſupply. Wit without knowledge being a ſhort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top,

and by a skilful hand may be ſoon whipped into froth; but once ſcummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY, &c.

WHOEVER examines with due circumſpection into the (*a*) annual records of time, will find it remarked, that war is the child of pride, and pride the daughter of riches: the former of which aſſertions may be ſoon granted; but one cannot ſo eaſily ſubſcribe to the latter: for pride is nearly related to beggary and want either by father or mother, and ſometimes by both; and, to ſpeak naturally, it very ſeldom happens among men to fall out, when all have enough; invaſions uſually travelling from north to ſouth, that is to ſay, from poverty to plenty. The moſt ancient and natural grounds of quarrels are luſt and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the iſſues of want. For, to ſpeak in the

(*a*) Riches produceth pride; pride is war's ground, &c. *Vid. Ephem.* de Mary Clarke; opt. edit. — now called Wing's sheet almanack, and printed by J. Roberts for the company of Stationers.

phraſe of writers upon politicks, we may obſerve in the republick of dogs, which in its original ſeems to be an inſtitution of the many, that the whole ſtate is ever in the profoundeſt peace after a full meal; and, that civil broils ariſe among them, when it happens for one great bone to be ſeized on by ſome leading dog, who either divides it among the few; and then it falls to an oligarchy, or keeps it to himſelf, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The ſame reaſoning alſo holds place among them in thoſe diſſenſions, we behold upon a turgeſcency in any of their females. For, the right of poſſeſſion lying in common (it being impoſſible to eſtabliſh a property in ſo delicate a caſe) jealouſies and ſuſpicions do ſo abound, that the whole commonwealth of that ſtreet is reduced to a manifeſt ſtate of war, of every citizen againſt every citizen; till ſome one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the reſt, ſeizes and enjoys the prize: upon which naturally ariſes plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and ſnarling againſt the happy dog. Again, if we look upon any of theſe republicks engaged in a foreign war either of invaſion or defence, we ſhall find, the ſame reaſoning will ſerve, as to the grounds and occaſions of each; and that poverty, or want, in ſome degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the caſe) has a great ſhare, as well as pride, on the part of the aggreſſor.

Now, whoever will pleaſe to take this ſcheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual ſtate, or commonwealth of learning, will ſoon diſcover the firſt ground of diſagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms; and may form juſt concluſions upon the merits of either cauſe. But the iſſue or events of this war are not ſo eaſy to conjecture at; for, the preſent quarrel is ſo inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretenſions ſomewhere or other ſo exorbitant, as not to admit the leaſt overtures of accommodation. The quarrel firſt began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a ſmall ſpot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill *Parnaſſus;* the higheſt and largeſt of which had, it ſeems, been time out of mind in quiet poſſeſſion of certain tenants called the ancients; and the other was held by the moderns. But theſe, diſliking their preſent ſtation, ſent certain ambaſſadors to the ancients, complaining of a great nuiſance, how the height of that part of *Parnaſſus* quite ſpoiled the proſpect of theirs, eſpecially towards the eaſt; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative; either that the ancients would pleaſe to remove themſelves and their effects down to the lower ſummity, which the moderns would graciouſly ſurrender to them, and advance in their place; or elſe, that the ſaid ancients will give

leave to the moderns to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the ſaid hill, as low as they ſhall think it convenient. To which the ancients made anſwer; how little they expected ſuch a meſſage as this from a colony, whom they had admitted out of their own free grace to ſo near a neighbourhood. That, as to their own ſeat, they were aborigines of it, and therefore to talk with them of a removal or ſurrender was a language they did not underſtand. That, if the height of the hill on their ſide ſhortened the proſpect of the moderns, it was a diſadvantage they could not help, but deſired them to conſider, whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompenſed by the ſhade and ſhelter it afforded them. That, as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propoſe it, if they did, or did not know, how that ſide of the hill was an intire rock, which would break their tools and hearts without any damage to itſelf. That, they would therefore adviſe the modernsr ather to raiſe their own ſide of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the ancients; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but alſo largely contribute. All this was rejected by the moderns with much indignation, who ſtill inſiſted upon one of the two expedients; and ſo this difference broke out into a long and obſtinate war, maintained on the one part by reſolution, and by the courage of certain leaders

leaders and allies; but on the other by the greatneſs of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel whole rivulets of ink have been exhauſted, and the virulence of both parties enormouſly augmented. Now, it muſt here be underſtood, that ink is the great miſſive weapon in all battles of the learned, which conveyed through a ſort of engine, called a quill, infinite numbers of theſe are darted at the enemy by the valiant on each ſide, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of porcupines. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer, who invented it, of two ingredients, which are gall and coperas, by its bitterneſs and venom to ſuit in ſome degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. And as the Græcians after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to ſet up trophies on both ſides, the beaten party being content to be at the ſame expence to keep itſelf in countenance (a laudable and ancient cuſtom, happily revived of late, in the art of war) ſo the learned, after a sharp and bloody diſpute, do on both ſides hang out their trophies too, which ever comes by the worſt. Theſe trophies have largely inſcribed on them the merits of the cauſe; a full impartial account of ſuch a battle, and how the victory fell clearly to the party, that ſet them up. They are known to the world under ſeveral names; as, diſputes, ar-

guments, rejoinders, brief conſiderations, anſwers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themſelves or their (*a*) repreſentatives, for paſſengers to gaze at; from whence the chiefeſt and largeſt are removed to certain magazines, they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purpoſely aſſigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called, Books of Controverſy.

IN theſe books is wonderfully inſtilled and preſerved the ſpirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after his death, his ſoul tranſmigrates there to inform them. This at leaſt is the more common opinion; but I believe, it is with libraries, as with other cœmeteries; where ſome philoſophers affirm, that a certain ſpirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to duſt, or to worms, but then vaniſhes or diſſolves; ſo, we may ſay, a reſtleſs ſpirit haunts over every book, till duſt or worms have ſeized upon it; which to ſome may happen in a few days, but to others later: and therefore books of controverſy, being of all others haunted by the moſt diſorderly ſpirits, have always been confined in a ſeparate lodge from the reſt; and for fear of mutual violence againſt each other, it was

(*a*) Their title-pages.

thought prudent by our anceſtors to bind them to the peace with ſtrong iron chains. Of which invention the original occaſion was this: when the works of Scotus firſt came out, they were carried to a certain great library, and had lodgings appointed them; but this author was no ſooner ſettled, than he went to viſit his maſter Ariſtotle; and there both concerted together to ſeize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient ſtation among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt ſucceeded, and the two uſurpers have reigned ever ſince in his ſtead: but to maintain quiet for the future it was decreed, that all polemicks of the larger ſize ſhould be held faſt with a chain.

By this expedient the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preſerved, if a new ſpecies of controverſial books had not aroſe of late years, inſtinct with a moſt malignant ſpirit from the war above mentioned between the learned about the higher ſummity of *Parnaſſus*.

When theſe books were firſt admitted into the public libraries, I remember, to have ſaid upon occaſion to ſeveral perſons concerned, how I was ſure, they would create broils where-ever they came, unleſs a world of care were taken: and therefore I adviſed, that the champions of each ſide ſhould be coupled to-

gether, or otherwiſe mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poiſons, their malignity might be employed among themſelves. And it ſeems, I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counſellor; for it was nothing elſe but the neglect of this caution, which gave occaſion to the terrible fight, that happened on Friday laſt between the ancient and modern books in the king's library. Now, becauſe the talk of this battle is ſo fresh in every body's mouth, and the expectation of the town ſo great to be informed in the particulars; I, being poſſeſſed of all qualifications requiſite in an hiſtorian, and retained by neither party, have reſolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

THE guardian of the regal library, a perſon of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his (a) humanity, had been a fierce champion for the moderns; and in an engagement upon *Parnaſſus* had vowed, with his own hands, to knock down two of the ancient chiefs, who guarded a ſmall paſs on the ſuperior rock; but, endeavouring to climb up, was

(a) The honourable Mr. Boyle, in the preface to his edition of Phalaris, ſays, he was refuſed a manuſcript by the library-keeper, *pro ſolitâ humanitate ſuâ.*

Ibid. Doctor Bentley was then library-keeper; the two ancients were Phalaris and Æſop.

cruelly obſtructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his center; a quality, to which thoſe of the modern party are extreme ſubject; for, being light-headed, they have, in ſpeculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but, in reducing to practice, diſcover a mighty preſſure about their poſteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his deſign, the diſappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the ancients, which he reſolved to gratify by ſhewing all marks of his favour to the books of their adverſaries, and lodging them in the faireſt apartments; when at the ſame time whatever book had the boldneſs to own itſelf for an advocate of the ancients, was buried alive in ſome obſcure corner, and threatened upon the leaſt diſpleaſure to be turned out of doors. Beſides, it ſo happened, that about this time, there was a ſtrange confuſion of place among all the books in the library; for which ſeveral reaſons were aſſigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned duſt, which a perverſe wind blew off from a ſhelf of moderns into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the worms out of the ſchoolmen, and ſwallow them freſh and faſting; whereof ſome fell upon his ſpleen, and ſome climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And laſtly, others maintained, that by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite loſt the ſituation of it out

of his head; and therefore in replacing his books he was apt to miſtake, and clap Des Cartes next to Ariſtotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven Wiſe Maſters, and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one ſide, and Withers on the other.

MEAN while thoſe books, that were advocates for the moderns, choſe out one from among them to make a progreſs through the whole library, examine the number and ſtrength of their party, and concert their affairs. This meſſenger performed all things very induſtriouſly, and brought back with him a liſt of their forces, in all, fifty thouſand, conſiſting chiefly of light horſe, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries: whereof the foot were in general but ſorrily armed, and worſe clad: their horſes large, but extremely out of caſe and heart; however ſome few, by trading among the ancients, had furniſhed themſelves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, diſcord grew extremely high, hot words paſſed on both ſides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a ſolitary ancient, ſqueezed up among a whole ſhelf of moderns, offered fairly to diſpute the caſe, and to prove by manifeſt reaſon, that the priority was due to them from long poſſeſſion, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and above all their great merits toward the moderns. But theſe denied

the premiſſes, and ſeemed very much to wonder, how the ancients could pretend to inſiſt upon their antiquity, when it was ſo plain (if they went to that) that the moderns were much the more (*a*) ancient of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the ancients, they renounced them all. It is true, ſaid they, we are informed, ſome few of our party have been ſo mean to borrow their ſubſiſtence from you; but the reſt, infinitely the greater number (and eſpecially we French and English) were ſo far from ſtooping to ſo baſe an example, that there never paſſed, till this very hour, ſix words between us. For, our horſes were of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our cloaths of our own cutting out and ſewing. Plato was by chance upon the next ſhelf, and obſerving thoſe that ſpoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour ruſty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and in his pleaſant way ſwore, by—, he believed them.

Now, the moderns had not proceeded in their late negotiation with ſecrecy enough to eſcape the notice of the enemy. For thoſe advocates, who had begun the quarrel by ſetting firſt on foot the diſpute of precedency,

(*a*) According to the modern paradox.

talked ſo loud of coming to a battle, that Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the ancients; who thereupon drew up their ſcattered troops together, reſolving to act upon the defenſive: upon which ſeveral of the moderns fled over to their party, and among the reſt, Temple himſelf. This Temple having been educated and long converſed among the ancients, was of all the moderns their greateſt favourite, and became their greateſt champion.

Things were at this criſis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the higheſt corner of a large window there dwelt a certain ſpider, ſwollen up to the firſt magnitude by the deſtruction of infinite number of flies, whoſe ſpoils lay ſcattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of ſome giant. The avenues to his caſtle were guarded with turn-pikes, and paliſadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had paſſed ſeveral courts, you came to the center, wherein you might behold the conſtable himſelf in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to ſally out upon all occaſions of prey or defence. In this manſion he had for ſome time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his perſon by ſwallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below: when it was the pleaſure of fortune to conduct thi-

ther a wandering bee, to whoſe curioſity a broken pane in the glaſs had diſcovered itſelf; and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at laſt happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the ſpider's citadel; which yielding to the unequal weight, ſunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his paſſage, and thrice the center ſhook. The ſpider within feeling the terrible convulſion, ſuppoſed at firſt, that nature was approaching to her final diſſolution; or elſe, that Beelzebub with all his legions was come to revenge the death of many thouſands of his ſubjects, whom his enemy had ſlain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly reſolved to iſſue forth and meet his fate. Mean while the bee had acquitted himſelf of his toils, and poſted ſecurely at ſome diſtance was employed in cleanſing his wings, and diſengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the ſpider was adventured out, when beholding the chaſms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortreſs, he was very near at his wit's end; he ſtormed and ſwore like a madman, and ſwelled till he was ready to burſt. At length, caſting his eyes upon the bee, and wiſely gathering cauſes from events (for they knew each other by ſight) a plague ſplit you, ſaid he, for a giddy ſon of a whore; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? Could not you

look before you, and be d—n'd? Do you think I have nothing elſe to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair your arſe? Good words, friend, ſaid the bee, (having now pruned himſelf, and being diſpoſed to droll) I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in ſuch a confounded pickle, ſince I was born. Sirrah, replied the ſpider, if it were not for breaking an old cuſtom in our family, never to ſtir abroad againſt an enemy, I ſhould come and teach you better manners. I pray, have patience, ſaid the bee, or you will ſpend your ſubſtance, and for aught I ſee, you may ſtand in need of it all towards the repair of your houſe. Rogue, rogue, replied the ſpider, yet, methinks you ſhould have more reſpect to a perſon, whom all the world allows to be ſo much your betters. By my troth, ſaid the bee, the compariſon will amount to a very good jeſt; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reaſons, that all the world is pleaſed to uſe in ſo hopeful a diſpute. At this the ſpider, having ſwelled himſelf into the ſize and poſture of a diſputant, began his argument in the true ſpirit of controverſy, with reſolution to be heartily ſcurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reaſons without the leaſt regard to the anſwers or objections of his oppoſite; and fully predetermined in his mind againſt all conviction.

Not to diſparage myſelf, ſaid he, by the compariſon with ſuch a raſcal; what art thou but a vagabond without houſe or home, without ſtock or inheritance? born to no poſſeſſion of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is an univerſal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and for the ſake of ſtealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domeſtic animal furniſhed with a native ſtock within myſelf. This large caſtle (to ſhew my improvements in the mathematicks) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own perſon.

I am glad, anſwered the bee, to hear you grant at leaſt, that I am come honeſtly by my wings and my voice; for then, it ſeems, I am obliged to heaven alone for my flights and my muſick; and providence would never have beſtowed on me two ſuch gifts, without deſigning them for the nobleſt ends. I viſit indeed all the flowers and bloſſoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect from thence, enriches myſelf, without the leaſt injury to their beauty, their ſmell, or their taſte. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematicks I have little to ſay: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but by woful experience for

us both it is plain, the materials are naught; and I hope, you will henceforth take warning, and conſider duration and matter as well as method and art. You boaſt indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and ſpinning out all from yourſelf; that is to ſay, if we may judge of the liquor in the veſſel by what iſſues out, you poſſeſs a good plentiful ſtore of dirt and poiſon in your breaſt; and, though I would by no means leſſen or diſparage your genuine ſtock of either, yet, I doubt you are ſomewhat obliged for an increaſe of both to a little foreign aſſiſtance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquiſitions by ſweepings exhaled from below; and one inſect furniſhes you with a share of poiſon to deſtroy another. So that in ſhort the queſtion comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an over-weening pride, feeding and engendering on itſelf, turns all into excrement and venom; producing nothing at all, but fly-bane and a cobweb: or that, which by an univerſal range, with long ſearch, much ſtudy, the judgment, and diſtinction of things, brings home honey and wax.

This diſpute was managed with ſuch eagerneſs, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books in arms below ſtood ſilent a

while, waiting in ſuſpenſe what would be the iſſue, which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at ſo much loſs of time, fled ſtrait away to a bed of roſes, without looking for a reply; and left the ſpider like an orator, collected in himſelf, and juſt prepared to burſt out.

It happened upon this emergency, that Æſop broke ſilence firſt. He had been of late moſt barbarouſly treated by a ſtrange effect of the regent's humanity (*a*), who had torn off his title-page, ſorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him faſt among a ſhelf of moderns. Where ſoon diſcovering how high the quarrel was like to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himſelf to a thouſand forms. At length in the borrowed ſhape of an aſs, the regent miſtook him for a modern; by which means he had time and opportunity to eſcape to the ancients, juſt when the ſpider and the bee were entering into their conteſt; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleaſure, and, when it was ended, ſwore in the loudeſt key, that in all his life, he had never known two caſes ſo parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the ſhelves. The diſputants, ſaid he, have admirably managed the diſpute

(*a*) Bentley, who denied the antiquity of Æſop: ſee note p. 244.

between them, have taken in the full ſtrength of all that is to be ſaid on both ſides, and exhauſted the ſubſtance of every argument pro and con. It is but to adjuſt the reaſonings of both to the preſent quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them; and we shall find the concluſion fall plain and cloſe upon the moderns and us. For, pray gentlemen, was ever any thing ſo modern as the ſpider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of you his brethren, and himſelf, with many boaſtings of his native ſtock, and great genius; that he ſpins and ſpits wholly from himſelf, and ſcorns to own any obligation or aſſiſtance from without. Then he diſplays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematicks. To all this the bee, as an advocate retained by us the ancients, thinks fit to anſwer; that if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boaſting of either. Erect your ſchemes with as much method and skill as you pleaſe; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, ſpun out of your own entrails (the guſts of modern brains) the edifice will conclude at laſt in a cob-web; the duration of which, like that of other ſpiders webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or

hid in a corner. For, any thing elſe of genuine, that the moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unleſs it be a large vein of wrangling and ſatyr, much of a nature and ſubſtance with the ſpider's poiſon; which, however they pretend to ſpit wholly out of themſelves, is improved by the ſame arts, by feeding upon the inſects and vermin of the age. As for us the ancients, we are content with the bee to pretend to nothing of our own; beyond our wings and our voice: that is to ſay, our flights and our language. For the reſt, whatever we have got, has been by infinite labour, and ſearch, and ranging through every corner of nature: the difference is, that, inſtead of dirt and poiſon, we have rather choſen to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furniſhing mankind with the two nobleſt of things, which are ſweetneſs and light.

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult ariſen among the books upon the cloſe of this long deſcant of Æſop: both parties took the hint, and heightened their animoſities ſo on a ſudden, that they reſolved it ſhould come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew under their ſeveral enſigns to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals, and conſults upon the preſent emergency. The moderns were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders,

and nothing leſs than the fear impending from the enemies could have kept them from mutinies upon this occaſion. The difference was greateſt among the horſe, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from Taſſo and Milton to Dryden and Withers. The light-horſe were commanded by Cowley and (*a*) Deſpreaux. There came the bowman under their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, Gaſſendi, and Hobbes, whoſe ſtrength was ſuch, that they could ſhoot their arrows beyond the atmoſphere never to fall down again, but turn like that of Evander into meteors, or like the cannon-ball into ſtars. Paracelſus brought a ſquadron of ſtink-pot-flingers from the ſnowy mountains of Rhætia. There came a vaſt body of dragoons of different nations under the leading of Harvey (*a*) their great Aga: part armed with ſcythes, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all ſteeped in poiſon; part ſhoot bullets of a moſt malignant nature, and uſed white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came ſeveral bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the enſigns of Guicciardine, Davila, Polydore

(*a*) More commonly known by the name of Boileau.

(*b*) Dr. Harvey who diſcovered the circulation of the blood, a diſcovery much inſiſted on by the advocates for the moderns, and excepted againſt as falſe by ſir William Temple, in his eſſay, p. 44, 45.

Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The reſt were a confuſed multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and ſtature, but without either arms, courage, or diſcipline. In the laſt place, came infinite ſwarms of (*a*) *calones*, a diſorderly rout led by L'Eſtrange; rogues and raggamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder; all without (*a*) coats to cover them.

THE army of the ancients was much fewer in number; Homer led the horſe, and Pindar the light-horſe; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Ariſtotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the foot; Hippocrates the dragoons; the allies led by Voſſius; and Temple brought up the rear.

ALL things violently tending to a deciſive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and

(*a*) *Calones*. By calling this diſorderly rout *calones* the author points both his ſatyr and contempt againſt all ſorts of mercenary ſcribblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of ſedition, faction, corruption, and every evil work: they are ſtiled *calones* becauſe they are the meaneſt and moſt deſpicable of all writers, as the *calones*, whether belonging to the army or private families, were the meaneſt of all ſlaves or ſervants whatſoever.

(*b*) Theſe are pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.

had a large apartment formerly aſſigned her in the regal library, fled up ſtrait to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that paſſed between the two parties below; for, among the gods she always tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the milky way. The ſenate aſſembled, he declares the occaſion of convening them; a bloody battle juſt impendent between two mighty armies of ancient and modern creatures, called books, wherein the celeſtial intereſt was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the moderns, made an excellent ſpeech in their favour, which was anſwered by Pallas, the protectreſs of the ancients. The aſſembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things paſt, preſent, and to come. The claſps were of ſilver double gilt, the covers of celeſtial turkey-leather, and the paper ſuch as here on earth might almoſt paſs for vellum. Jupiter, having ſilently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but preſently shut up the book.

WITHOUT the doors of this aſſembly there attended a vaſt number of light, nimble gods, menial ſervants to Jupiter: theſe are his miniſtering inſtruments in all affairs below. They

travel in a caravan, more or leſs together, and are faſtened to each other, like a link of galley-ſlaves, by a light chain, which paſſes from them to Jupiter's great toe: and yet, in receiving or delivering a meſſage, they may never approach above the loweſt ſtep of his throne, where he and they whiſper to each other through a long, hollow trunk. Theſe deities are called by mortal men accidents or events; but the gods call them ſecond cauſes. Jupiter having delivered his meſſage to a certain number of theſe divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and, conſulting a few minutes, entered unſeen, and diſpoſed the parties according to their orders.

MEAN while Momus fearing the worſt, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called Criticiſm. She dwelt on the top of a ſnowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there Momus found her extended in her den upon the ſpoils of numberleſs volumes, half devoured. At her right-hand ſat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left Pride, her mother, dreſſing her up in the ſcraps of paper herſelf had torn. There was Opinion, her ſiſter, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-ſtrong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About

her played her children, Noiſe and Impudence, Dulneſs and Vanity, Poſitiveneſs, Pedantry and Ill-Manners. The goddeſs herſelf had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice reſembled thoſe of an aſs; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if ſhe looked only upon herſelf; her diet was the over-flowing of her own gall; her ſpleen was ſo large, as to ſtand prominent, like a dug of the firſt rate, nor wanted excreſcencies in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monſters were greedily ſucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of ſpleen increaſed faſter than the ſucking could diminiſh it. Goddeſs, ſaid Momus, can you ſit idly here, while our devout worſhippers, the moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the ſwords of their enemies; who then hereafter will ever ſacrifice, or build altars to our divinities? Haſte therefore to the British iſle, and, if poſſible, prevent their deſtruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to your party.

MOMUS, having thus delivered himſelf, ſtaid not for an anſwer, but left the goddeſs to her own reſentment. Up she roſe in a rage, and, as it is the form upon ſuch occaſions; began a ſoliloquy: It is I (ſaid she) who give wiſdom to infants and idiots; by me children grow wiſer than their parents;

by me beaux become politicians, and ſchool-boys judges of philoſophy; by me ſophiſters debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffee-houſe wits, inſtinct by me, can correct an author's ſtyle, and diſplay his minuteſt errors, without underſtanding a ſyllable of his matter, or his language; by me ſtriplings ſpend their judgment, as they do their eſtate, before it comes into their hands. It is I, who have depoſed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myſelf in their ſtead. And ſhall a few upſtart ancients dare oppoſe me? —But come, my aged parent, and you my children dear, and thou, my beauteous ſiſter; let us aſcend my chariot, and haſte to aſſiſt our devout moderns, who are now ſacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I perceive by that grateful ſmell, which from thence reaches my noſtrils.

THE goddeſs, and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geeſe, flew over infinite regions, ſhedding her influence in due places, till at length ſhe arrived at her beloved iſland of Britain; but in hovering over its metropolis, what bleſſings did ſhe not let fall upon her ſeminaries of Greſham and Covent-Garden? (*a*) and now ſhe reached the fatal plain of St. James's library, at what time the two armies were

(*a*) See the notes, p. 68.

upon the point to engage; where, entering with all her caravan unſeen, and landing upon a caſe of ſhelves, now deſert, but once inhabited by a colony of virtuoſos, she ſtaid a while to obſerve the poſture of both armies.

BUT, here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breaſt: for, at the head of a troop of modern bowmen, she caſt her eyes upon her ſon Wotton; to whom the fates had aſſigned a very short thread. Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by ſtollen embraces with this goddeſs. He was the darling of his mother above all her children, and she reſolved to go and comfort him. But firſt, according to the good old cuſtom of deities, she caſt about to change her shape, for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal ſight, and overcharge the reſt of his ſenſes. She therefore gathered up her perſon into an octavo compaſs: her body grew white and arid, and ſplit in pieces with dryneſs; the thick turned into paſte-board, and the thin into paper, upon which her parents and children artfully ſtrewed a black juice or decoction of gall and ſoot in form of letters; her head, and voice, and ſpleen kept their primitive form; and that, which before was a cover of skin, did ſtill continue ſo. In this guiſe she matched on to-

wards the moderns, undiſtinguishable in shape and dreſs from the divine Bentley, Wotton's deareſt friend. Brave Wotton, ſaid the goddeſs, why do our troops ſtand idle here to ſpend their preſent vigour and opportunity of this day? Away, let us haſte to the generals, and adviſe to give the onſet immediately. Having ſpoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monſters, full gutted from her ſpleen, and flung it inviſibly into his mouth, which, flying ſtraight up into his head, ſqueezed out his eye-balls, gave him a diſtorted look, and half ouverturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulneſs and Ill-Manners, cloſely to attend his perſon in all encounters. Having thus accoutered him, she vanished in a miſt, and the hero perceived it was the goddeſs his mother.

THE deſtined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof before I dare adventure to make a particular deſcription, I muſt, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little to perform ſo immenſe a work. Say, goddeſs, that preſideſt over hiſtory, who it was that firſt advanced in the field of battle. Paracelſus, at the head of his dragoons, obſerving Galen in the adverſe wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which

the brave ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the ſecond fold. . .

Hic pauca deſunt. . . . . . .

They bore the wounded Aga (*a*) on their ſhield to his chariot. . . . . .

Deſunt nonnulla. . . . . . .

Then Ariſtotle, obſerving Bacon advance with furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which miſſed the valiant modern, and went hizzing over his head; But Des Cartes it hit; the ſteel point quickly found a defect in his head-piece; it pierced the leather and the paſte-board, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bow-man round, till death, like a ſtar of ſuperior influence, drew him into his own *vortex*. . . . . *ingens hiatus hic in MS.*

when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious

(*a*) Doctor Harvey, ſee the note p. 256. It was not thought proper to name his antagoniſt, but only to intimate, that he was wounded; other moderns are ſpared by the hiatus that follows, probably for ſimilar reaſons.

horſe,

horſe, with difficulty managed by the rider himſelf, but which no other mortal durſt approach; he rode among the enemies ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, Goddeſs, whom he ſlew firſt, and whom he ſlew laſt. Firſt, (*a*) Gondibert advanced againſt him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a ſtaid ſober gelding, not ſo famed for his ſpeed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas, that he would never leave the field, till he had ſpoiled (*b*) Homer of his armour; madman, who had never once ſeen the wearer, nor underſtood his ſtrength! him Homer overthrew horſe and man to the ground, there to be trampled and choaked in the dirt. Then, with a long ſpear he ſlew Denham, a ſtout modern, who from his (*c*) father's ſide derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the earth. The celeſtial part Apollo took, and made it a ſtar, but the terreſtrial lay wallowing upon

(*a*) An heroic poem by ſir William Davenant, in ſtanzas of four lines.

(*b*) *Vid.* Homer.

(*c*) Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal extremely good, and very indifferent; ſo that his detractors ſaid, he was not the real author of Cooper's Hill.

the ground. Then Homer ſlew Weſley, (*a*) with a kick of his horſe's heel; he took, Perrault by mighty force out of his ſaddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle, with the ſame blow dashing out both their brains.

ON the left wing of the horſe, Virgil appeared in shining armour, compleatly fitted to his body: he was mounted on a dapple-grey ſteed, the ſlowneſs of whoſe pace was an effect of the higheſt mettle and vigour. He caſt his eyes on the adverſe wing with a deſire to find an object worthy of his valour, when behold, upon a ſorrel gelding of a monſtrous ſize appeared a foe, iſſuing from among the thickeſt of the enemy's ſquadrons; but his ſpeed was leſs than his noiſe; for his horſe, old and lean, ſpent the dregs of his ſtrength in a high trot, which, though it made ſlow advances, yet cauſed a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the ſtranger deſired a parley, and lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within, which after a pauſe was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave ancient ſuddenly ſtarted, as one poſſeſſed with ſurprize and diſappointment together: for the helmet was nine times too large for

(*a*) Mr. Weſley, who wrote the life of Chriſt in verſe, &c.

the head, which appeared ſituate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobſter, or like a mouſe under a canopy of ſtate, or like a ſhrivelled beau from within the pent-houſe of a modern periwig: and the voice was ſuited to the viſage, ſounding weak and remote. Dryden in a long harangue ſoothed up the good ancient, called him father; and by a large deduction of genealogies made it plainly appear, that they vere nearly related. Then he humbly propoſed an exchange of armour, as a laſting mark of hoſpitality between them. Virgil conſented (for the goddeſs Diffidence came unſeen, and caſt a miſt before his eyes) though his was of (*a*) gold and coſt a hundred beeves, the other's but of ruſty iron. However, this glittering armour became the modern yet worſe than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horſes; but, when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount. . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . *Alter hiatus in MS.*

. . . . . *tus in MS.*

. . . . . .

. . . . . Lucan appeared upon a fiery horſe of admirable ſhape, but head-ſtrong, bearing the rider where he liſt over the field; he made a mighty ſlaughter among the enemy's horſe; which deſtruction

(*a*) *Vid.* Homer.

to ſtop, Blackmore a famous modern (but one of the mercenaries) ſtrenuouſly oppoſed himſelf, and darted his javelin with a ſtrong hand, which, falling ſhort of its mark, ſtruck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æſculapius came unſeen, and turned off the point. (*a*) Brave modern, ſaid Lucan, I perceive ſome god protects you, for never did my arm ſo deceive me before: but what mortal can contend with a god? therefore, let us fight no longer, but preſent gifts to each other. Lucan then beſtowed the modern a pair of ſpurs, and Blackmore gave Lucan a bridle. . . . . : . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . *Pauca de-*

. . . . . *ſunt.*

. . . . . .

Creech: but the goddeſs Dulneſs took a cloud, formed into the ſhape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed in a flying poſture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and purſued the image, threatening loud; till at laſt it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby, by whom he was diſarmed, and aſſigned to his repoſe.

Then Pindar ſlew—, and —, and Oldham,

(*a*) His skill as a phyſician attoned for his dulneſs as a poet.

and — (*a*) Afra the Amazon, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible ſlaughter among the enemy's light-horſe. Him when Cowley obſerved, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced againſt the fierce ancient, imitating his addreſs, his pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horſe, and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, firſt Cowley threw a lance, which miſſed Pindar, and paſſing into the enemy's ranks fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin ſo large and weighty, that ſcarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raiſe it from the ground; yet he threw it with eaſe, and it went by an unerring hand, ſinging through the air; nor could the modern have avoided preſent death, if he had not luckily oppoſed the ſhield, that had been given him by Venus. (*b*) And now both heroes drew their ſwords, but the modern was ſo agaſt and diſordered, that he knew not where he was; his ſhield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not eſcape; at laſt he turned, and lifting up

(*a*) Mrs. Afra Behn, author of many plays, novels, and poems.

(*b*) His poem called the Miſtreſs.

his hands in the poſture of a ſuppliant, Godlike Pindar, ſaid he, ſpare my life, and poſſeſs my horſe with theſe arms, beſides the ranſom, which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your priſoner. Dog, ſaid Pindar, let your ranſom ſtay with your friends; but your carcaſs ſhall be left for the fowls of the air, and the beaſts of the field. With that he raiſed his ſword, and with a mighty ſtroke cleft the wretched modern in twain, the ſword purſuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground to be trod in pieces by the horſes feet, the other half was borne by the frighted ſteed through the field. This (*a*) Venus took, vashed it ſeven times in ambroſia, then ſtruck it thrice with a ſprig of amaranth; upon which, the leather grew round and ſoft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded ſtill; ſo it became a dove, and she harneſſed it to her chariot. . . .

. . . . . *Hiatus valde de-*
. . . . . *flendus in MS.*

(*a*) I do not approve the author's judgment in this, for I think Cowley's Pindaricks are much preferable to his Miſtreſs.

It may however be conſidered, that Cowley's Pindaricks were but copies, of which Pindar was the original; before Pindar therefore his Pindaricks might fall; and his Miſtreſs be preſerved as properly his own.

DAY being far ſpent, and the numerous forces of the moderns half inclining to a retreat, there iſſued forth from a ſquadron of their heavy-armed foot (*a*) a captain, whoſe name was Bentley, the moſt deformed of all the moderns; tall, but without ſhape or comlineſs; large, but without ſtrength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thouſand incoherent pieces; and the ſound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a ſheet of lead, which an Eteſian wind blows ſuddenly down from the roof of ſome ſteeple. His helmet was of old ruſty iron, but the vizor was braſs, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into coperas, nor wanted gall from the ſame fountain; ſo that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of moſt malignant nature was ſeen to diſtil from his lips. In his (*a*) right hand he graſped a flail, and (that he might ne-

(*a*) The epiſode of Bentley and Wotton.

As the account of the Battle of the Books is an allegorical repreſentation of ſir William Temple's Eſſay, in which the ancients are oppoſed to the moderns, the account of Bentley and Wotton is called an epiſode, and their intruſion repreſented as an under action.

(*b*) The perſon here ſpoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without diſtinction, and uſing mean and foul ſcurrilities.

ver be unprovided of an offenſive weapon) a veſſel full of ordure in his left. Thus compleatly armed, he advanced with a ſlow and heavy pace, where the modern chiefs were holding a conſult upon the ſum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg, and hump ſhoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expoſe. The generals made uſe of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great ſervice to their cauſe, but at other times did more miſchief than good; for at the leaſt touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it againſt his leaders. Such at this juncture was the diſpoſition of Bentley, grieved to ſee the enemy prevail, and diſſatisfied with every body's conduct, but his own. He humbly gave the modern generals to underſtand, that he conceived with great ſubmiſſion, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and ſons of whores, and d—n'd cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonſenſical ſcoundrels; that if himſelf had been conſtituted general, thoſe (*a*) preſumptuous dogs, the ancients, would long before this have been beaten out of the field. You, ſaid he, ſit here idle; but

(*a*) *Vid.* Homer. de Therſite.

when I, or any other valiant modern, kill an enemy, you are ſure to ſeize the ſpoil. But I will not march one foot againſt the foe, 'till you all ſwear to me, that whomever I take or kill, his arms I ſhall quietly poſſeſs. Bentley having ſpoken thus, Scaliger, beſtowing him a ſour look; Miſcreant prater, ſaid he, eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou raileſt without wit, or truth, or diſcretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature, thy learning makes thee more barbarous, thy ſtudy of humanity more inhuman; thy converſe among poets more groveling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilizing others render thee rude and untractable; courts have taught thee ill manners, and polite converſation has finiſhed thee a pedant. Beſides, a greater coward burthened not the army. But never deſpond; I paſs my word, whatever ſpoil thou takeſt, ſhall certainly be thy own; though I hope, that vile carcaſs will firſt become a prey to kites and worms.

Bentley durſt not reply; but, half choaked with ſpleen and rage, withdrew in full reſolution of performing ſome great atchievement. With him for his aid and companion he took his beloved Wotton; reſolving by policy or ſurprize to attempt ſome neglected quarter of the ancients army. They began their march over carcaſſes of their

ſlaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb, which they paſſed on the ſide of the declining ſun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy's out-guards; looking about, if haply they might 'ſpy the quarters of the wounded, or ſome ſtraggling ſleepers, unarmed, and remote from the reſt. As when two mungrel curs, whom native greedineſs, and domeſtic want, provoke and join in partnerſhip, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of ſome rich grazier: they, with tails depreſſed and lolling tongues, creep ſoft and ſlow; mean while the conſcious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent viſage, whether ſeen in puddle by reflection, or in ſphere direct; but one ſurveys the region round, while t'other ſcouts the plain, if happly, to diſcover, at diſtance from the flock, ſome carcaſs half devoured, the refuſe of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with leſs fear and circumſpection; when, at diſtance, they might perceive two ſhining ſuits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound ſleep. The two friends drew lots, and the purſuing of this adventure fell to Bentley; on he went, and in his van Confuſion and Amaze; while

Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the ancients army, Phalaris and Æſop, lay faſt aſleep: Bentley would fain have diſpatched them both, and, ſtealing cloſe, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breaſt. But then the goddeſs Affright interpoſing, caught the modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foreſaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the ſame inſtant, though ſoundly ſleeping, and buſy in a dream. (a) For Phalaris was juſt that minute dreaming, how a moſt vile poetaſter had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull. And Æſop dreamed, that, as he and the ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild aſs broke looſe, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes aſleep, ſeized on both armours, and withdrew in queſt of his darling Wotton.

He in the mean time had wandered long in ſearch of ſome enterprize, till at length he arrived at a ſmall rivulet, that iſſued from a fountain hard by, called in the language of mortal men Helicon. Here he ſtopped, and parched with thirſt, reſolved to allay it in this limpid ſtream. Thrice with profane hands he eſſayed to raiſe the water

(a) This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of thoſe, who were killed in their ſleep.

to his lips, and thrice it ſlipped all through his fingers. Then he ſtooped prone on his breaſt, but e're his mouth had kiſſed the liquid cryſtal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the modern and the fountain, ſo that he drew up nothing but mud. For, although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearneſs of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick ſediment of ſlime and mud; for ſo Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to thoſe, who durſt attempt to taſte it with unhallowed lips, and for a leſſon to all, not to draw too deep, or far from the ſpring.

At the fountain-head Wotton diſcerned two heroes; the one he could not diſtinguish, but the other was ſoon known for Temple, general of the allies to the ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himſelf to reſt from the toils of the war. Wotton obſerving him, with quaking knees and trembling hands ſpoke thus to himſelf: Oh, that I could kill this deſtroyer of our army; what renown should I purchaſe among the chiefs? but to iſſue out againſt him, (*a*) man againſt man, shield againſt shield, and lance againſt lance, what modern of us dare? for

(*a*) *Vid.* Homer.

he fights like a god, and Pallas, or Apollo, are ever at his elbow. But, oh, mother! if what fame reports be true, that I am the ſon of ſo great a goddeſs, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the ſtroke may ſend him to hell, and that I may return in ſafety and triumph laden with his ſpoils. The firſt part of this prayer the gods granted at the interceſſion of his mother, and of Momus; but the reſt, by a perverſe wind ſent from fate, was ſcattered in the air. Then Wotton graſped his lance, and, brandiſhing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might, the goddeſs his mother at the ſame time adding ſtrength to his arm. Away the lance went hizzing, and reached even to the belt of the averted ancient, upon which lightly grazing it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall; and Wotton might have eſcaped to his army with the honour of having remitted his lance againſt ſo great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo enraged, that a javelin, flung by the aſſiſtance of ſo foul a goddeſs, ſhould pollute his fountain, put on the ſhape of —, and ſoftly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple: he pointed firſt to the lance, then to the diſtant modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a ſuit of armour which had been given

him by all the gods, (*a*), immediately advanced againſt the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Lybyan plains, or Araby deſert, ſent by his aged ſire to hunt for prey, or health, or exerciſe; he ſcours along wishing to meet ſome tyger from the mountains, or furious boar: if chance a wild aſs, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beaſt, though loathing to diſtain his claws with blood ſo vile, yet much provok'd at the offenſive noiſe, which Echo, foolish nymph, like her ill-judging ſex, repeats much louder and with more delight than Philomela's ſong; he vindicates the honour of the foreſt, and hunts the noiſy long-ear'd animal. So Wotton fled, ſo Boyle purſued. But Wotton heavy-armed, and ſlow of foot, began to ſlack his courſe; when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the ſpoils of the two ſleeping ancients. Boyle obſerved him well, and ſoon diſcovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilt; rage ſparkled in his eyes, and leaving his purſuit after Wotton, he furiouſly

(*a*) Boyle was aſſiſted in this diſpute by dean Aldrich, doctor Atterbury, afterwards bishop of Rocheſter, and other perſons at Oxford, celebrated for their genius and their learning, then called the Chriſt-church wits.

rush'd on againſt this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways: (*a*) and, as a woman in a little houſe, that gets a painful livelihood by ſpinning; if chance her geeſe be ſcattered o'er the common, she courſes round the plain from ſide to ſide, compelling here and there the ſtragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champain. So Boyle purſued, ſo fled this pair of friends: finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined and drew themſelves in phalanx. Firſt Bentley threw a ſpear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breaſt: but Pallas came unſeen, and in the air took off the point, and clapp'd on one of lead, which, after a dead bang againſt the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, obſerving well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpneſs; and as this pair of friends compacted ſtood cloſe ſide to ſide, he wheel'd him to the right, and, with unuſual force, darted the weapon. Bentley ſaw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms cloſe to his ribs, hoping to ſave his body; in went the point,

(*a*) This is alſo after the manner of Homer; the woman's getting a painful livelihood by ſpinning, has nothing to do with the ſimilitude, nor would be excuſable without ſuch an authority.

Vid. Homer.

paſſing through arm and ſide, nor ſtopp'd, or ſpent its force, till it had alſo pierced the valiant Wotton, who, going to ſuſtain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has truſs'd a brace of woodcocks, he, with iron skewer, pierces the tender ſides of both, their legs and wings cloſe pinion'd to their ribs: ſo was this pair of friends tranſfixed till down they fell, join'd in their lives, joined in their deaths; ſo cloſely join'd, that Charon would miſtake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewel, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

AND, NOW . . . . . .
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. . . . . *Deſunt cætera.*

FINIS.

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE MECHANICAL OPERATION OF THE SPIRIT.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.

THE

BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following diſcourſe came into my hands perfect and entire: but there being ſeveral things in it, which the preſent age would not very well bear, I kept it by me ſome years, reſolving it ſhould never ſee the light. At length, by the advice and aſſiſtance of a judicious friend, I retrenched thoſe parts that might give moſt offence, and have now ventured to publish the remainder. Concerning the author I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture, whether it be the ſame with that of the two foregoing pieces, the original having been ſent me at a different time, and in a different hand. The learned reader will better determine, to whoſe judgment I entirely ſubmit it.

A

DISCOURSE

CONCERNING THE

MECHANICAL OPERATION

OF THE

SPIRIT.

For T. H. *Eſquire* (*a*), *at his chambers in the academy of the Beaux Eſprits in New-England.*

SIR,

IT is now a good while, ſince I have had in my head ſomething, not only very material, but abſolutely neceſſary to my health,

(*a*) Suppoſed to be Col. Hunter author of the Letter of Enthuſiaſm mentioned in the Apology for the Tale of a Tub.

THIS diſcourſe is not altogether equal to the former, the beſt parts of it being omitted; whether the bookſeller's account be true, that he durſt not print the reſt, I know not, nor, indeed, is it eaſy to determine, whether he may be relied on, in any thing he ſays of this, or the former treatiſes, only as to the time they were writ in; which, however, appears more from the diſcourſes themſelves, than his relation.

that the world should be informed in: for, to tell you a ſecret, I am able to contain it no longer. However I have been perplexed for ſome time to reſolve, what would be the moſt proper form to ſend it abroad in. To which end I have been three days courſing through Weſtminſter-hall, and St. Paul's Church-yard, and Fleet-ſtreet, to peruſe titles; and I do not find any, which holds ſo general a vogue, as that of a Letter to a Friend: nothing is more common than to meet with long epiſtles addreſſed to perſons and places, where, at firſt thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether ſo neceſſary or convenient; ſuch as, a neighbour at next door, a mortal enemy, a perfect ſtranger, or a perſon of quality in the clouds; and theſe upon ſubjects in appearance the leaſt proper for conveyance by the poſt; as, long ſchemes in philoſophy; dark and wonderful myſteries of ſtate; laborious diſſertations in criticiſm and philoſophy; advice to parliaments, and the like.

Now, Sir, to proceed after the method in preſent wear: (for, let me ſay what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this letter, as ſoon as ever it comes to your hand.) I deſire you will be my witneſs to the world, how careleſs and ſudden a ſcribble it has been; that it was but

yeſterday, when you and I began accidentally to fall into diſcourſe on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the poſt is in ſuch haſte, I have had no manner of time to digeſt it into order, or correct the ſtyle; and if any other modern excuſes for haſte and negligence ſhall occur to you in reading, I beg you to inſert them, faithfully promiſing they ſhall be thankfully acknowledged.

PRAY, Sir, in your next letter to the Iroquois Virtuoſi, do me the favour to preſent my humble ſervice to that illuſtrious body, and aſſure them, I ſhall ſend an account of thoſe *phænomena*, as ſoon as we can determine them at Gresham.

I HAVE not had a line from the Literati of Topinambous theſe three laſt ordinaries.

AND now, Sir, having diſpatched what I had to ſay of forms, or of buſineſs, let me intreat, you will ſuffer me to proceed upon my ſubject; and to pardon me, if I make no farther uſe of the epiſtolary ſtyle, till I come to conclude.

SECT. I.

IT is recorded of Mahomet, that, upon a viſit he was going to pay in Paradiſe, he had an offer of ſeveral vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horſes, and celeſtial ſedans: but he refuſed them all, and would be borne to heaven upon nothing but his aſs. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, as ſingular as it ſeems, hath been ſince taken up by a great number of devout Chriſtians; and doubtleſs with very good reaſon. For ſince that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious ſyſtem from the chriſtian faith, it is but juſt he ſhould pay repriſals to ſuch as would challenge them, wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. For, though there is not any other nation in the world ſo plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to ſafety or eaſe; yet there are abundance of us, who will not be ſatisfied with any other machine, beſides this of Mahomet.

FOR my own part, I muſt confeſs to bear a very ſingular reſpect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be moſt admirably held forth in all its qualities as well as operations: and therefore, whatever in my ſmall reading occurs concerning this our fellow-

creature, I do never fail to ſet it down by way of common-place; and when I have occaſion to write upon human reaſon, politicks, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my *memorandums* before me, and inſert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications aſcribed to this diſtinguished brute by ancient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent of bearing his rider to heaven has been recorded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already; therefore, I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of uſeful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to perform in the following diſcourſe. For, towards the operation already mentioned many peculiar properties are required both in the rider and the aſs; which I ſhall endeavour to ſet in as clear a light as I can.

BUT, becauſe I am reſolved by all means to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off diſcourſing ſo cloſely to the letter, as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory, though in ſuch a manner, that the judicious reader may without much ſtraining make his applications, as often as he ſhall think fit. Therefore, if you pleaſe, from hence forward inſtead of the

term, aſs, we ſhall make uſe of gifted, or enlightened teacher; and the word, rider, we will exchange for that of fanatic auditory, or any other denomination of the like import. Having ſettled this weighty point, the great ſubject of enquiry before us is to examine, by what methods this teacher arrives at his gifts, or ſpirit, or light; and by what intercourſe between him and his aſſembly it is cultivated and ſupported.

In all my writings I have had conſtant regard to this great end, not to ſuit and apply them to particular occaſions and circumſtances of time, of place, or of perſon; but to calculate them for univerſal nature, and mankind in general. And of ſuch catholic uſe I eſteem this preſent diſquiſition; for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have ſo unanimouſly agreed, as that of a fanatic ſtrain, or tincture of enthuſiaſm; which improved by certain perſons or ſocieties of men, and by them practiſed upon the reſt, has been able to produce revolutions of the greateſt figure in hiſtory; as will ſoon appear to thoſe, who know any thing of Arabia, Perſia, India, or China, of Morocco and Peru. Farther, it has poſſeſſed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge; where it is hard to aſſign one art or ſcience, which has not annexed to it ſome fanatic branch; ſuch are the

the philoſopher's ſtone; (*a*) the grand elixir; the planetary worlds; the ſquaring of the circle; the *ſummum bonum*; Utopian commonwealths; with ſome others of leſs or ſubordinate note; which all ſerve for nothing elſe, but to employ or amuſe this grain of enthuſiaſm dealt into every compoſition.

But, if this plant has found a root in the fields of empire and of knowledge, it has fixed deeper, and ſpread yet farther upon holy ground. Wherein, though it hath paſſed under the general name of enthuſiaſm, and perhaps ariſen from the ſame original, yet hath it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often miſtaken for each other. The word, in its univerſal acceptation, may be defined, a lifting up of the ſoul, or its faculties, above matter. This deſcription will hold good in general; but I am only to underſtand it, as applied to religion; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the ſoul, or tranſporting it beyond the ſphere of matter. The firſt is the immediate act of God, and is called prophecy or inſpiration. The ſecond is the immediate act of the devil, and is termed poſſeſſion. The third is the product of natural cauſes, the effect of ſtrong imagination, ſpleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like.

(*a*) Some writers hold them for the ſame, others not.

Theſe three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore ſhall not employ my enquiry. But, the fourth method of religious enthuſiaſm, or launching out of the ſoul, as it is purely an effect of artifice and mechanic operation, has been ſparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer; becauſe, though it is an art of great antiquity, yet having been confined to few perſons, it long wanted thoſe advancements and refinements, which it afterwards met with, ſince it has grown ſo epidemic, and fallen into ſo many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this mechanical operation of the ſpirit, that I mean to treat, as it is at preſent performed by our British workmen. I ſhall deliver to the reader the reſult of many judicious obſervations upon the matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole courſe and method of this trade, producing parallel inſtances, and relating certain diſcoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have ſaid, that there is one branch of religious enthuſiaſm, which is purely an effect of nature; whereas, the part I mean to handle, is wholly an effect of art, which however is inclined to work upon certain natures and conſtitutions more than others. Beſides, there is many an operation, which in its original was purely an artifice, but through a long ſucceſſion of ages hath grown to be

natural. Hippocrates tells us that among our anceſtors, the Scythians, there was a nation called (*a*) long-heads, which at firſt began by a cuſtom among midwives and nurſes of moulding, and ſqueezing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means nature, ſhut out at one paſſage, was forced to ſeek another, and, finding room above, ſhot upwards in the form of a ſugar-loaf; and being diverted that way for ſome generations, at laſt found it out of herſelf, needing no aſſiſtance from the nurſe's hand. This was the original of the Scythian long-heads, and thus did cuſtom from being a ſecond nature proceed to be a firſt. To all which there is ſomething very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted poſterity of that refined people. For, in the age of our fathers there aroſe a generation of men in this iſland, called round-heads (*b*), whoſe race is now ſpread over three kingdoms, yet, in its beginning was merely an operation of art, produced by a pair of ſciſſars, a ſqueeze of the face, and

(*a*) Macrocephali.

(*b*) The fanaticks in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text, « Ye know that it is » a ſhame for men to have long hair, » cut their » very ſhort. It is ſaid, that the queen once ſeeing ym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, enquired ho that round-headed man was, and that from his incident the diſtinction became general, and he party were called round-heads.

a black cap. Theſe heads, thus formed into a perfect ſphere in all aſſemblies, were moſt expoſed to the view of the female ſort, which did influence their conceptions ſo effectually, that nature at laſt took the hint, and did it of herſelf; ſo that a round-head has been ever ſince as familiar a ſight among us, as a long-head among the Scythians.

UPON theſe examples, and others eaſy to produce, I deſire the curious reader to diſtinguish, firſt, between an effect grown from art into nature, and one that is natural from its beginning: ſecondly, between an effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the ſuperſtructure is entirely artificial. For, the firſt and the laſt of theſe I underſtand to come within the diſtricts of my ſubject. And having obtained theſe allowances, they will ſerve to remove any objections, that may be raiſed hereafter againſt what I ſhall advance.

THE practitioners of this famous art proceed in general upon the following fundamental: that, the corruption of the ſenſes is the generation of the ſpirit: becauſe the ſenſes in men are ſo many avenues to the ſort of reaſon, which in this operation is wholly blocked up. All endeavours muſt be therefore uſed either to divert, bind up, ſtupify, fluſter, and amuſe the ſenſes, or elſe to juſtle them out of their ſtations; and while they are either

abſent, or otherwiſe employed, or engaged in a civil war againſt each other, the ſpirit enters and performs its part.

Now, the uſual methods of managing the ſenſes upon ſuch conjunctures are what I ſhall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but having had the honour to be initiated into the myſteries of every ſociety, I deſire to be excuſed from divulging any rites, wherein the profane muſt have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection muſt, if poſſible, be removed. For, it is poſitively denied by certain criticks, that the ſpirit can by any means be introduced into an aſſembly of modern ſaints; the diſparity being ſo great in many material circumſtances between the primitive way of inſpiration, and that which is practiſed in the preſent age. This they pretend to prove from the ſecond chapter of the Acts, where comparing both it appears; Firſt, that the apoſtles were gathered together with one accord in one place; by which is meant an univerſal agreement in opinion, and form of worſhip; a harmony, ſay they, ſo far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the ſame. Secondly, the ſpirit inſtructed the apoſtles in the gift of ſpeaking ſeveral lan-

guages; a knowledge ſo remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither underſtand propriety of words, or phraſes, in their own. Laſtly, ſay theſe objectors, the modern artiſts do utterly exclude all approaches of the ſpirit, and bar up its ancient way of entering, by covering themſelves ſo cloſe, and ſo induſtriouſly a top. For, they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the cloven tongues never ſat upon the apoſtles heads, while their hats were on.

Now, the force of theſe objections ſeems to conſiſt in the different acceptation of the word, ſpirit; which if it be underſtood for a ſupernatural aſſiſtance, approaching from without, the objectors have reaſon, and their aſſertions may be allowed; but the ſpirit we treat of here, proceeding entirely from within, the argument of theſe adverſaries is wholly eluded. And upon the ſame account our modern artificers find it an expedient of abſolute neceſſity to cover their heads as cloſe as they can, in order to prevent perſpiration, than which nothing is obſerved to be a greater ſpender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps farther ſhew in convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the phænomenon of ſpiritual mechaniſm, it is here to be noted, that in forming, and working up the ſpirit, the aſſembly has a conſiderable ſhare, as well as the preacher. The method

of this *arcanum* is as follows: they violently ſtrain their eye-balls inward, half cloſing the lids; then, as they ſit, they are in a perpetual motion of ſee-ſaw, making long humms at proper periods, and continuing the ſound at equal height, chooſing their time in thoſe intermiſſions, while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice in any part of it ſo ſingular and improbable, as not to be traced in diſtant regions from reading and obſervation. For, firſt, the (*a*) Jauguis, or enlightened ſaints of India, ſee all their viſions by help of an acquired ſtraining and preſſure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of ſee-ſaw on a beam, and ſwinging by ſeſſion upon a cord, in order to raiſe artificial extaſies, hath been derived to us from our (*a*) Scythian anceſtors, where it is practiſed at this day among the women. Laſtly, the whole proceeding as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of Ireland with a conſiderable improvement; and it is granted, that this noble nation hath of all others admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated leaſt from the purity of the old Tartars. Now, it is uſual for a knot of Irish men and women to abſtract themſelves from matter, bind up all their ſenſes, grow viſionary and ſpiritual, by influence of a short pipe of tobacco handed

(*a*) Bernier, Mem. de Mogol.

(*b*) Guagnini Hiſt. Sarmat.

round the company; each preſerving the ſmoke in his mouth, till it comes again to his turn to take in freſh; at the ſame time, there is a concert of a continued gentle humm, repeated and renewed by inſtinct, as occaſion requires; and they move their bodies up and down to a degree, that ſometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Mean while, you may obſerve their eyes turned up in the poſture of one, who endeavours to keep himſelf awake; by which, and many other ſymptoms among them, it manifeſtly appears, that the reaſoning faculties are all ſuſpended and ſuperſeded, that imagination hath uſurped the ſeat, ſcattering a thouſand *deliriums* over the brain. Returning from this digreſſion, I ſhall deſcribe the methods, by which the ſpirit approaches. The eyes being diſpoſed according to art, at firſt you can ſee nothing; but, after a ſhort pauſe a ſmall glimmering light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to aſcend very faſt, till you are perfectly doſed and fluſtered like one, who drinks too much in a morning. Mean while the preacher is alſo at work; he begins a loud humm, which pierces you quite through; this is immediately returned by the audience, and you find yourſelf prompted to imitate them by a meer ſpontaneous impulſe, without knowing what you do. The *interſtitia* are duly filled up by

the preacher to prevent too long a pauſe, under which the ſpirit would ſoon faint and grow languid.

THIS is all I am allowed to diſcover about the progreſs of the ſpirit with relation to that part, which is borne by the aſſembly; but in the methods of the preacher, to which I now proceed, I ſhall be more large and particular.

SECT. II.

YOU will read it very gravely remarked in the books of thoſe illuſtrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers; that the fundamental difference in point of religion, between the wild Indians and us, lies in this: that we worſhip God, and they worſhip the devil. But, there are certain criticks, who will by no means admit of this diſtinction; rather believing, that all nations whatſoever adore the true God, becauſe they ſeem to intend their devotions to ſome inviſible power of greateſt goodneſs and ability to help them; which perhaps will take in the brighteſt attributes aſcribed to the divinity. Others again inform us, that thoſe idolaters adore two principles; the principle of good, and that of evil: which indeed I am apt to look upon as the moſt univerſal notion, that mankind by the meer light of nature ever entertained of things inviſible. How this idea hath

been managed by the Indians and us, and with what advantage to the underſtandings of either, may well deſerve to be examined. To me the differeance appears little more than this, that they are put oftener upon their knees by their fears, and we by our deſires; that the former ſet them a praying, and us a curſing. What I applaud them for, is their diſcretion in limiting their devotions and their deities to their ſeveral diſtricts, nor ever ſuffering the liturgy of the white God to croſs or to interfere with that of the black. Not ſo with us, who, pretending by the lines and meaſures of our reaſon to extend the dominion of one inviſible power, and contract that of the other, have diſcovered a groſs ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and moſt horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their divinity to the *cælum empyræum*, adorned with all ſuch qualities and accomplishments, as themſelves ſeem moſt to value and poſſeſs: after they have ſunk their principle of evil to the loweſt center, bound him with chains, loaded him with curſes, furniſh'd him with viler diſpoſitions than any rake-hell of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and ſaucer eyes; I laugh aloud to ſee theſe reaſoners at the ſame time engaged in wiſe diſpute about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God or the devil; ſeriouſly debating, whe-

ther ſuch and ſuch influences come into men's minds from above or below, whether certain paſſions and affections are guided by the evil ſpirit or the good:

Dum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Diſcernunt avidi ——

Thus do men eſtablish a fellowship of Chriſt with Belial, and ſuch is the analogy they make between cloven tongues and cloven feet. Of the like nature is the diſquiſition before us: it hath continued theſe hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our English enthuſiaſtic preachers were poſſeſſion, or inſpiration, and a world of argument has been drained on either ſide, perhaps to little purpoſe. For I think, it is in life as in tragedy, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpoſe the aſſiſtance of preternatural power without an abſolute and laſt neceſſity. However, it is a sketch of human vanity; for every individual to imagine the whole univerſe is intereſted in his meaneſt concern. If he hath got cleanly over a kennel, ſome angel unſeen deſcended on purpoſe to help him by the hand; if he hath knocked his head againſt a poſt, it was the devil, for his ſins, let looſe from hell on purpoſe to buffet him. Who, that ſees a little paulty mortal, droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good ſenſe, that either hea-

ven or hell should be put to the trouble of influence or inspection upon what he is about? Therefore, I am resolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind by making it clear, that this mystery of vending spiritual gifts is nothing but a trade, acquired by as much instruction, and mastered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will best appear by describing and deducing the whole process of the operation as variously, as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

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Here the whole scheme of spiritual mechanism was deduced and explained, with an appearance of great reading and observation; but it was thought neither safe nor convenient to print it.

. . . . . .

Here it may not be amiss to add a few words upon the laudable practice of wearing quilted caps; which is not a matter of meer custom, humour, or fashion, as some would pretend, but an institution of great sagacity

and uſe: theſe, when moiſtened with ſweat, ſtop all perſpiration; and, by reverberating the heat, prevent the ſpirit from evaporating any way, but at the mouth; even as a skilful houſewife, that covers her ſtill with a wet clout for the ſame reaſon, and finds the ſame effect. For, it is the opinion of choice virtuoſy, that the brain is only a crowd of little animals, but with teeth and claws extremely sharp, and therefore cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of Hobbes's leviathan, or like bees in perpendicular ſwarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, ſtill preſerving the shape and figure of the mother animal: that all invention is formed by the morſure of two or more of theſe animals upon certain capillary nerves, which proceed from thence, whereof three branches ſpread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold alſo, that theſe animals are of a conſtitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, their excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call rheums, and colds, and diſtillations, is nothing elſe but an epidemical looſeneſs, to which that little commonwealth is very ſubject, from the climate it lies under. Farther, that nothing leſs than a violent heat can diſentangle theſe creatures from their hamated ſtation of life, or give them vigour and humour to imprint the marks of their little teeth. That, if the

morſure be hexagonal, it produces poetry; the circular gives eloquence: if the bite hath been conical, the perſon, whoſe nerve is ſo affected, ſhall be diſpoſed to write upon politicks; and ſo of the reſt.

I ſhall now diſcourſe briefly, by what kind of practices the voice is beſt governed towards the compoſition and improvement of the ſpirit; for without a competent skill in tuning and toning each word, and ſyllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incompleat, miſſes entirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himſelf to continual pains for new ſupplies without ſucceſs. For, it is to be underſtood, that, in the language of the ſpirit, cant and droning ſupply the place of ſenſe and reaſon in the language of men: becauſe in ſpiritual harangues the diſpoſition of the words according to the art of grammar hath not the leaſt uſe, but the skill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadence of the ſyllables; even as a diſcreet compoſer, who in ſetting a ſong changes the words and order ſo often, that he is forced to make it nonſenſe, before he can make it muſick. For this reaſon it hath been held by ſome, that the art of canting is ever in greateſt perfection, when managed by Ignorance; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch, when he tells us, that the beſt muſical inſtruments were

made from the bones of an aſs. And the profounder criticks upon that paſſage are of opinion, the word, in its genuine ſignification, means no other than a jaw-bone; though ſome rather think it to have been the *os ſacrum*; but in ſo nice a caſe I ſhall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty to pick from it whatever they pleaſe.

THE firſt ingredient towards the art of canting is a competent ſhare of inward light; that is to ſay, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological polyſyllables, and myſterious texts from holy writ, applied and digeſted by thoſe methods and mechanical operations already related: the bearers of this light reſembling lanterns, compact of leaves from old *Geneva* bibles; which invention ſir Humphrey Edwyn, during his mayoralty, of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the ſcripture to be now fulfilled, where it ſays, thy word is a lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths.

NOW, the art of canting conſiſts in skilfully adapting the voice to whatever words the ſpirit delivers, that each may ſtrike the ears of the audience with its moſt ſignificant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the diſpoſition of words to a ſentence, or the turning of long periods; but agreeable to the modern refinements in muſick, is taken

up wholly in dwelling, and dilating upon ſyllables and letters. Thus it is frequent for a ſingle vowell to draw ſighs from a multitude; and for a whole aſſembly of ſaints to ſob to the muſick of one ſolitary liquid. But theſe are trifles: when even ſounds inarticulate are obſerved to produce as forcible effects. A maſter workman ſhall blow his noſe ſo powerfully, as to pierce the hearts of his people, who are diſpoſed to receive the excrements of his brain with the ſame reverence as the iſſue of it. Hawking, ſpitting, and belching, the defects of other men's rherorick, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For, the ſpirit being the ſame in all, it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty to draw the principles of this famous art within the compaſs of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world with my critical eſſay upon the art of canting, philoſophically, phyſically, and muſically conſidered.

But, among all improvements of the ſpirit, wherein the voice hath borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of conveying the ſound through the noſe, which under the denomination of (a) ſnuffling hath

(a) The ſnuffling of men, who have loſt their noſes by lewd courſes, is ſaid to have given riſe to that tone, which our diſſenters did too much affect. W. Wotton.

paſſed with ſo great applauſe in the world. The originals of this inſtitution are very dark; but having been initiated into the myſtery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the world, I ſhall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

THIS art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at leaſt, improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance; but was eſtabliſhed upon ſolid reaſons, and hath flouriſhed in this iſland ever ſince with great luſtre. All agree, that it firſt appeared upon the decay and diſcouragement of bagpipes, which having long ſuffered under the mortal hatred of the brethren, tottered for a time, and at laſt fell with monarchy. The ſtory is thus related.

As yet ſnuffling was not; when the following adventure happened to a Banbury ſaint. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the wicked, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and ſtrangely pricked forward by the inward; an effect very uſual among the modern inſpired. For, ſome think, that the ſpirit is apt to feed on the flesh, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe, there is a perpetual game at leap frog between both; and ſometimes the flesh is uppermoſt, and ſometimes the ſpirit; adding, that the former, while it is in the ſtate of a rider, wears huge Rippon

ſpurs, and, when it comes to the turn of being bearer, is wonderfully head-ſtrong and hard-mouthed. However it came about, the ſaint felt his veſſel full extended in every part (a very natural effect of ſtrong inſpiration;) and the place and time falling out ſo unluckily, that he could not have the convenience of evacuation upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture; he was forced to open an inferior vent. In ſhort, he wreſtled with the flesh ſo long, that he at length ſubdued it, coming off with honourable wounds, all before. The ſurgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected; but the diſeaſe, driven from its poſt, flew up into his head; and, as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent purſuit; ſo the diſeaſe, repelled from its firſt ſtation, fled before the rod of Hermes to the upper region, there fortifying itſelf; but, finding the foe making attacks at the noſe, broke down the bridge, and retired to the head-quarters. Now, the naturaliſts obſerve, that there is in human noſes an idioſyncracy, by virtue of which, the more the paſſage is obſtructed, the more our ſpeech delights to go through, as the muſick of a flagellet is made by the ſtops. By this method, the twang of the noſe becomes perfectly to reſemble the ſnuffle of a bag-pipe, and is found to be equally attractive of British

ears; whereof the ſaint had ſudden experience by practiſing his new faculty with wonderful ſucceſs in the operation of the ſpirit: for in a ſhort time no doctrine paſſed for ſound and orthodox, unleſs it were delivered through the noſe. Straight, every paſtor copyed after this original; and thoſe, who could not otherwiſe arrive to a perfection, ſpirited by a noble zeal, made uſe of the ſame experiment to acquire it, ſo that, I think, it may be truly affirmed, the ſaints owe their empire to the ſnuffling of one animal, as Darius did his to the neighing of another; and both ſtratagems were performed by the ſame art; for we read, how the (*a*) Perſian beaſt acquired his faculty by covering a mare the day before.

I SHOULD now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this ſubject, is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have ſaid to be true, it may ſtill be juſtly objected, that there is, in the commonwealth of artificial enthuſiaſm, ſome real foundation for art to work upon in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals ſeem to want. Obſerve but the geſture, the motion, and the countenance, of ſome choice profeſſors, though in their moſt familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the reſt of human creatures. Remark your commoneſt

(*a*) Herodot.

pretender to a light within, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is without: as lanterns, which the more light they bear in their bodies, caſt out ſo much the more ſoot, and ſmoke, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the ſides. Liſten but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing ſome ancient oracle, and your underſtanding will be equally informed. Upon theſe, and the like reaſons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there muſt be a ſort of preternatural ſpirit, poſſeſſing the heads of the modern ſaints; and ſome will have it to be the heat of zeal working upon the dregs of ignorance, as other ſpirits are produced from lees by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are diſordered and deſolate, ſhaken and out of repair, the ſpirit delights to dwell within them; as houſes are ſaid to be haunted, when they are forſaken and gone to decay.

To ſet this matter in as fair a light as poſſible, I ſhall here very briefly deduce the hiſtory of fanaticiſm from the moſt early ages to the preſent. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief profeſſors have univerſally agreed, I think we may reaſonably lay hold on that, and aſſign it for the great ſeed or principle of the ſpirit.

THE moſt early traces we meet with of fanaticks in ancient ſtory are among the Ægyptians, who inſtituted thoſe rites, known in Greece by the names of Orgia, Panegyres, and Dionyſia, whether introduced there by Orpheus or Melampus, we ſhall not diſpute at preſent, nor in all likelihood at any time for the future. (*a*) Theſe feaſts were celebrated to the honour of Oſiris, whom the Græcians called Dionyſius, and is the ſame with Bacchus: which has betrayed ſome ſuperficial readers to imagine, that the whole buſineſs was nothing more than a ſet of roaring, ſcouring companions, overcharged with wine; but this is a ſcandalous miſtake, foiſted on the world by a ſort of modern authors, who have too literal an underſtanding; and, becauſe antiquity is to be traced backwards, do therefore, like Jews, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a ſort of conjuring. Theſe are the men, who pretend to underſtand a book by ſcouting through the index; as if a traveller ſhould go about to deſcribe a palace, when he had ſeen nothing but the privy; or like certain fortune-tellers in Northern America, who have a way of reading a man's deſtiny by peeping into his breech. For, at the time of inſtituting theſe myſteries, (*b*) there was not one vine in all

(*a*) Diod. Sic. L. 1. Plut. de Iſide & Oſiride.

(*b*) Herod. L. 2.

Ægypt, the natives drinking nothing but ale; which liquor ſeems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progreſs not only to the (*a*) Ægyptian Oſiris, but to the Græcian Bacchus, who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they viſited or ſubdued. Beſides, Bacchus himſelf was very ſeldom, or never drunk: for, it is recorded of him, that he was the firſt (*b*) inventor of the mitre; which he wore continually on his head (as the whole company of bacchanals did) to prevent vapours and the head-ach after hard drinking. And for this reaſon, ſay ſome, the ſcarlet whore, when she makes the kins of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always ſober herſelf, though she never balks the glaſs in her turn, being, it ſeems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her triple mitre. Now, theſe feaſts were inſtituted in imitation of the famous expedition Oſiris made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the bacchanalian ceremonies were ſo many types and ſymbols. (*c*) From which account it is manifeſt, that the fanatic rites of theſe bacchanals, cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but muſt

(*a*) Diod. Sic. L. 1 & 3.

(*b*) *Id.* L. 4.

(*c*) See the particulars in Diod. Sic. L. 1 & 3.

needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was, we may gather large hints from certain circumſtances in the courſe of their myſteries. For, in the firſt place, there was in their proceſſions an entire mixture and confuſion of ſexes; they affected to ramble about hills and deſerts: their garlands were of ivy and vine, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of fir, the parent of turpentine. It is added, that they imitated ſatyrs, were attended by goats, and rode upon aſſes, all companions of great skill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their enſigns certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the ſhape and ſize of the *virga genitalis*, with is appartenances, which were ſo many ſhadows and emblems of the whole myſtery, as well as trophies ſet up by the female conquerors. Laſtly, in a certain town of Attica, the whole ſolemnity, (*a*) ſtripped of all its types, was performed in *puris naturalibus*, the votaries not flying in covies, but ſorted into couples. The ſame may be farther conjectured from the death of Orpheus, one of the inſtitutors of theſe myſteries, who was torn in pieces by women, becauſe he refuſed to (*b*) communicate his orgies to them; which others explained, by telling us, he had caſtrated himſelf upon grief for the loſs of his wife.

(*a*) *Dioniſia Brauronia.*

(*b*) *Vid. Photium in excerptis è Connone.*

OMITTING many others of leſs note, the next fanaticks we meet with of any eminence, were the numerous ſect of Hereticks appearing in the five firſt centuries of the chriſtian æra, from Simon Magus and his followers to thoſe of Eutyches. I have collected their ſyſtems from infinite reading, and, comparing them with thoſe of their ſucceſſors in the ſeveral ages ſince, I find there are certain bounds ſet even to the irregularity of human thought, and thoſe a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For, as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildeſt ravings; ſo there is one fundamental point, wherein they are ſure to meet, as lines in a center, and that is the community of women. Great were their ſolicitudes in this matter, and they never failed of certain articles in their ſchemes of worship on purpoſe to eſtabliſh it.

THE laſt fanaticks of note were thoſe, which ſtarted up in Germany a little after the reformation of Luther; ſpringing, as mushrooms do at the end of a harveſt; ſuch were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuſter, and many others, whoſe viſions and revelations always terminated in leading about half a dozen ſiſters apiece, and making that practice a fundamental part of their ſyſtem. For, human life is a continual navigation, and if we expect our veſſels to paſs with ſafety through

through the waves and tempeſts of this fluctuating world, it is neceſſary to make a good proviſion of the flesh, as ſeamen lay in ſtore of beef for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief ſurvey of ſome principal ſects among the fanaticks in all ages (having omitted the Mahometans and others, who might alſo help to confirm the argument I am about) to which I might add ſeveral among ourſelves, ſuch as the family of love, ſweet ſingers of Iſrael, and the like: and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines about women, wherein they have ſo unanimouſly agreed; I am apt to imagine, that the ſeed or principle, which has ever put men upon viſions in things inviſible, is of a corporeal nature: for, the profounder chymiſts inform us, that the ſtrongeſt ſpirits may be extracted from human flesh. Beſides, the ſpinal marrow, being nothing elſe but a continuation of the brain, muſt needs create a very free communication between the ſuperior faculties and thoſe below: and thus the thorn in the flesh ſerves for a ſpur to the ſpirit. I think, it is agreed among phyſicians, that nothing affects the head ſo much, as a tentiginous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found by daily practice to run frequently up into madneſs. A very eminent member of the faculty aſſured me, that, when the quakers firſt appeared, he ſeldom

was without ſome female patients among them for the furor—Perſons of a viſionary devotion, either men or women, are in their complexion of all others the moſt amorous: for, zeal is frequently kindled from the ſame ſpark with other fires, and, from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raiſe that of a gallant. If we inſpect into the uſual proceſs of modern courtſhip, we ſhall find it to conſiſt in a devout turn of the eyes, called ogling; an artificial form of canting and whining by rote every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a ſhrug, or a humm; a ſigh or a groan; the ſtile compact of inſignificant words, incoherences, and repetitions. Theſe I take to be the moſt accomplished rules of addreſs to a miſtreſs; and where are theſe performed with more dexterity, than by the ſaints? Nay, to bring this argument yet cloſer, I have been informed by certain ſanguine brethren of the firſt claſs, that in the height and orgaſmus of their ſpiritual exerciſe, it has been frequent with them . . . . . ; immediately after which they found the ſpirit to relax and flag of a ſudden with the nerves, and they were forced to haſten to a concluſion. This may be farther ſtrengthened by obſerving, with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by viſionary or enthuſiaſtic preachers, though never ſo contemptible in their outward mien; which is uſually ſup-

poſed to be done upon conſiderations purely ſpiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But, I have reaſon to think, the ſex hath certain characteriſticks, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performings, than we ourſelves can poſſibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that, however ſpiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards towards heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intenſe a contemplation is not the buſineſs of flesh and blood; it muſt by the neceſſary courſe of things in a little time let go its hold, and fall into matter. Lovers for the ſake of celeſtial converſe are but another ſort of platonicks, who pretend to ſee ſtars and heaven in ladies eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the ſame pit is provided for both: and they ſeem a perfect moral to the ſtory of that philoſopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the conſtellations, found himſelf ſeduced by his lower parts into a ditch.

I HAD ſomewhat more to ſay upon this part of the ſubject; but the poſt is juſt going, which forces me in great haſte to conclude,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

Pray burn this letter as ſoon as it comes to your hands.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAGE 20, *lin.* 4, thouhgt: *read* thought. — *P.* 33, *l.* 14, Gibderish: *r.* Gibberish. — *P.* 72, *l.* 27, dilucitade: *r.* dilucidate. — *P.* 168, *l.* 1, btought: *r.* brought. — *P.* 223, *l.* 18, papiſt: *r.* papiſts. — *P.* 240, *l.* 23, modernsr ather: *r.* moderns rather. — *P.* 262, *l.* 31, matched: *r.* marched. — *P.* 263, *l.* 13, ouverturned: *r.* overturned. — *P.* 264, *l.* 10, with furious mien: *r.* with a furious mien. — *P.* 270, *l.* 16, vashed: *r.* washed. — *P.* 274, *l.* 22, happly: *r.* haply. — *P.* 299, *l.* 30, paulty: *r.* paultry.

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P. 223,
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